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RED TARN

OR,

The Vision of the Lake:

A Thrilling Temperance Poem,

IN FOURTEEN CANTOS.

BY S. O. FULTON.

"From the blessed Source of Good
Could pain or death proceed? Could such foul ill
Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought,
The impious thought! God never made a creature
But what was good. He made a living man:—
The man of death was made by man himself."

—*Milton.*

AMHERST, N. S.
PRINTED AT THE AMHERST GAZETTE OFFICE.
1873.

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PREFACE.

I roamed through literary maze of our Domain
To find a Temperance book; but roamed in vain:
It must be laid in Museum, if such be,
To eager eyes, a rare curiosity!
Volumes abound on every cause but this
Between the nether realms and those of bliss;—
For why? The subject should have rank and place
Above all other themes, save that of grace.

I grieved to see the paucity of lore,
On that to bless men now, and evermore;
And thought the theme first taught in Eden-bowers
Should occupy at least our leisure hours
To recommend, in volume or in voice,
That all might make, erewhile, the better choice.

Temperance Nymph was my "first love;"—beauteous, sweet,
My youthful heart would bound her charms to meet.
I saw her costumes in the rainbow hues,
Her nectar sweetness in the morning dues;
I heard her music in the silvery rills,
And traced her pathway to Celestial Hills.
I oft would sit beside the mountain springs,
And hear her whisper most entrancing things;
And in the liquid of the summer lake—
(Her mirror)—loved to look for her dear sake!
In fact, I soon regarded her to be
The very essence, soul, of Purity;
And scarce could bide the time I should espouse
Her glorious cause—my countrymen arouse,
To "cherish, love, and worship," even
This Sprite that flutters from the flowers of heaven!

But circumstance, that foe to youthful dreams,
Makes real diverse from what ideal seems,
Turns joy aslant, or into fragments parts—
Disports with dearest hope-gem of our hearts.
As years advanced I had to bow to it;
Pay constrained homage;—at its feet to sit
And learn what early sanguine hope portrayed

PREFACE.

Was but a vision doomed to silent shade!
My dreams of action in the Temperance field
Of vigorous effort there were forced to yield.

But, loth to give the cause entirely o'er—
I might not with my brothers stand and pour
Full soul of action in the noble theme—
Yet, flashing 'thwart my mind there came a beam,
To write a rustic book of hearty cheer
For those who strive and hold the cause so dear;
Perchance, some word their courage might befriend,
And help them onward to the righteous end:—
A Temperance work thus give my native land,
So rare are thought-gems gathered on her strand!—
While I might mark with humble gratitude
The impulse I had given the cause for good.

Such as it is, the work is now before you;
But, Men of Temperance, I do implore you,
Subject it not to "critical dissection,"
But curb desire by this sane reflection,
That, scrutiny of words, in righteous cause,
Is vain; and ne'er shall win Supreme applause.
It is to oppose the matter for the mode;
Speculate on smoother ways and lose the road.
Creation had been criticised, had there been man,
As was, long since, the great Redemption plan.
Perfection for my work I do not claim;
In feeble health, in parts detached it came,—
I wrote—not for renown—but, haply, to inspire
My Temperance friends with earnest, warm desire,
To speed a cause so fraught with every good;—
I've done not what I would, but "what I could."

All Temperance men of this and sister lands,
If isolate or organized in bands,
I dedicate my little book to you;
For, well I know, your hearts are warm and true!
And if 'twill only help your cause diffuse,
Or rouse the genius of a better Muse,
I shall rejoice until my days are spent,
That e'er abroad my humble work I sent.

I ask the clemency of all who read;
May your fraternal hearts wish it God speed!

S. O. F.

CONTENTS.

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Canto		Page
I.	The Tarn	7
II.	The Enchantment	12
III.	The Concourse	16
IV.	Ghosts	21
V.	Fiends	31
VI.	Solitary Incidents	42
VII.	General Results	48
VIII.	The Tartarean Law	54
IX.	Efforts to Dry the Tarn	58
X.	The Desperate Struggle	66
XI.	The Thrilling Appeal	76
XII.	The Partial Success	88
XIII.	The Triumph	107
XIV.	Supplementary Hints	124

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RED TARN;

OR,

THE VISION OF THE LAKE.

Canto I.—The Tarn.

TWO lofty mountains, stretching east and west:
One, broken by a cascade, thundering o'er
The awful heights, as if it poured from heaven:
A lovely valley, sleeping at their feet,
Narrow, but rich, and watered well with rills,
Rippling through the leafy meadow mazes
Out to the strange Far-away. And Autumn,
Laying his warm crimson cheek on all,—
On the hazy summits of the mountains,
On the golden bounties of the valley,
On the head-long, ever-flowing cascade,
On the trees and on the sheaves,—till all seems
Red and ripe.

Such the place, and such the time.
My gun in hand, the feathered game I sought,—
The partridge coveys between the mountains,
Among the meadow hazels.—Vain my search;
The birds had scaled the heights to where the groves
Of beeches wave—their boughs well nut laden;—
They had all gone nutting to the beeches.

Weary, I flung myself upon a mound
O'erstrewn with forest leaves, beside the stream
That from the cascade flowed out to the tide.
What beauty there! Trees on the mountains' sides
Were red as banners, or seemed hung with fruit,
Like trees along the endless summer hills.
The cascade brought loud chimes down from the world
To be; such, none but Nature's lovers hear:
Above, only a narrow azure strip
Is seen, across which argosies of cloud
Seem bearing news from either land to either:
In the more distant fields of blue, a line—
A golden line—as if heaven's throne-sped trains
Were on their aërial track, freighted with gifts,
Spiritual gifts, for man. And higher yet
Are clouds, quite stationary, like islands in
The great transparent ocean of the Blest!

While I the scene admired, a robin poured
His evening anthem on the air,—his mates
Flown to warmer vales, himself belated
In the well-known haunts of his summer glen.
And whirring came again the partridge flocks,
And struck their nightly perch. I looked away;
The sun was bleeding on the western trees,
And dying day admonished me to go.
But no; a strange enchantment o'er me crept;
Enchained, I was, to that romantic spot;
For mystic problems in my mind arose
Demanding full solution, there and then,
And thus they ran:—

"If Nature shows in leaves
The Great One's hand, and whispers in the rills
His care; drops in the glens his sheaves and fruit—
Why all the bitter want and discontent?"

"If purity, innocence, in the groves

Do reign, and footsteps of th' Eterne are heard
In even-time, set softly on the flowers—
Why such corruption, baseness, guilt and crime?"

"If life of bird and beast be blest, and they
In that life rejoice, oh, why the shadow,
Gloom and blight, malice, murder, wretchedness
Of man? What bane has made, and keeps him so?
What is the greatest cause of all our woe?"

And then, 'twas strangely weird and dreamy, all:
But scenes rose to my eye, sounds to my ear,
I heard, or seemed to hear; I saw, or seemed
To see, what I shall now relate:—

Deep in
A bowl-like hollow of a dwarfy wood,
A seething lake, which God nor Nature made!—
Unlike those mirrors of the summer hills
Of kindred name, which life and love reflect,
And flow from pure Creation's fount—it was
The product of no living, loving source;—
The offspring it, of death; for life must cease
Ere can exist what strangely makes it flow!
The dark result of deep decay, it bore
The direful impress of its origin,
On surface and on shore.

No sunlight rays
Would glimmer there in summer's radiant morn;
No blue o'erarching sky e'er ambrotyped
Upon its turbid face; the promise-bow
Was broken, where it touched the awful wave,—
Its many brilliant hues absorbed and lost.
The lake could not reflect aught that was light:

The shores, not pebble-strewn and white with shells,
But of unearthly shades, uncouthly mixed.—

A mottled coast, and strangely demon-like;
And darkly drooping flags were growing there,
Hung with filthy tufts washed from the slimy rocks,—
The rocks of Tarn. And, darting here and there,
Down in the dreadful deep, were serpents huge
With deadly stings; and hydra-monsters, too,
Their glaring eyes would show, and open wide
Their horrid jaws; and ever and anon,
A conflict would ensue,—the lake would foam
And surge for miles away,—the reptiles all
At war—when blood and poison, mingling, flowed!

There, filthy birds with downless necks would scream
From one crag to another; or spreading
Their sluggish wings, would make the full circuit
Of the dark shore, like omen birds of doom;
But ever came to the same crag, or mire,
With eyes the same—so red and serpent like,
None could endure—to revel in the filth!

And blazing orbs of brindled beasts did flash
Along the margin of the poisonous place,
Till, on the reeking borders met, their fangs
Did fasten in each others' quivering flesh;
And howls, such as no earthly shores e'er woke,
Rang hideous, round and round the haunted deep.
And then, a fiendish concert from the trees,
Of owl and nightly birds;—the trees themselves
Of stinted form, like willows, bending o'er;
The dew upon their scanty leaves was blood!
Blood oozed from flag and shrub along the coast;
Simoons would blow their pestilential breath,
Bearing a blood-red fog which settled there;
And clouds hung o'er of weirdly wizard shape;—
Some, like league-long, fiery serpents hissing;
And some, like sulphur waves by tempest lashed;
Others, like ragged, reeling hosts at war;
Others, like widow trains and orphan bands,

Wailing for their lost! And some were varied,
Made of divers goods and broken fragments;—
Tears, crystallized, and set in cherubs' eyes;
And broken skulls and broken human hearts!
There were others, bold, distinct and lurid,
Like barren islands standing out in hell,
Where helpless wives and frantic husbands, lost,
Seemed stretching out their arms and hands for help;—
But, over all, the lowering blood-red mist!

Such was the Tarn; a foul and festering deep
With tainted breath, where deadly Upas groves
Their shadow threw over creatures poisonous,
Luxuriating in an element by God
Abhorred,—that never heard His whisper, "good,"
And Reason asks immortal man to shun,

Yet man, with e'er-living soul and priceless,
Made in heavenly likeness, made for the skies,
The subtile agent was, this vinous thing
Who brought from dissolution, and besought
Death to generate it from foul decay;
Else, it had never been, but man invoked!

And, around the mountains darkly sloping
Towards the hollow, the *Poison Presses*—
They called them "Stills"—were built, in dread array,
And looked, as wreckers' huts might look, the Lakes
Of Wrath along, who pilfer ship-wrecked souls,
Decoyed unto their loss;—and there, in those,
The work went on, the process unnatural,
Which sent the fiendish life in countless rills,
Creeping and wriggling on, so viper-like,
Through brake and tangled brush-wood, to fill
The Tarn and keep it ever full.

'Tis said,
The good man saved, when world-wide deluge swept

All other human lives away, but of
His kindred, sent the earliest downward rill,
Meandering where no path was made, to form
The first death waters of the Tarn ;—a flood
To drown his race—himself, so lately saved!
And that, with kindred rills, in ages long,
Have made it what it is. And so it lives :—
It lives by sufferance, this cursed thing,
Of gorgeous palaces and city domes
In sight ; and gospel trumpets loudly blow,
And gospel churches tower, and yet it lives—
Lives in the face of all,—of heaven and God!

Canto II.—The Enchantment.

SOME principles are known to be ; the cause
Unknown. Why terror charms, the naturalist
Has vainly sought to know since early time :
But, 'tis no less so, that human wisdom
Falters in the task the mystery to solve.

In tangled forest glen or blossom bed,
The glittering serpent coiled, with head erect,
And lustrous eye, and dove-like voice, subdued,
Has power to charm the song-bird of the spring
Down from his blooming bough, to circle round,
Each moment nearer, till the fatal dart
Is made which crushes its bright wings, and deep
Injects the poison in its spotless breast!

On cliff, the awful cataract reaching o'er,
Where waters wildly foaming, fathomless,
Inspire with dreadful awe, there strangely steals
An impulse in the human mind, to leap,
And meet the fate which most it fears!

And thus
The Tarn, so awful in itself, the power
Possessed to allure mankind down to its shores;
Though fiery, foul and fiend-like, its elements
At war—at war, its beast and reptile life;
Yet, for human ones, it had enchantment!
Unearthly in its form and weird existence—
A wonder in the God-made world, itself
Akin to no surrounding work of His—
They came, to behold its state infernal,
To see its red and angry billows surge,
Its fierce serpents hissing, stinging, coiling,
Its phantom shapes and fearful orgie sounds,
The death-like hollow in the murky trees,
The stealthy rivulets downward creeping,—
All these, a terror-charm gave to the place!
It seemed, curiosity was what prompted most,
And indolence yawned and sighed for novelty;
All habits vain, creating morbid thirst
For what their victims knew not—led to this:
And there were ever those who had been there,
To entice the more cautious ones to go.

The misty breezes from its turbid waves
Had dull narcotic powers, inducing sleep,
Where intellect was lulled in mystic dreams:
And but a taste would dim the brightest eye,
Obstruct the powers of speech, and magnify
The sea-side pebble to a pyramid,
Infuse its subtle poison in each vein,
And send it burning to the brilliant throne
Where Reason sat—best Godly gift to man.

Strange process, too, by which it would the man
Unman; rob of his sky-made fac-simile,
And let him down from human scale to beastly!
Strange fantasies the mind beset, from first
Stage to the last!

Its symptoms oft were seen
In active feats; its victim, swift to run,
Bold to leap, and hugely loud in clamor.
The man bowed down, with stiffened joints would stand
Erect, and from a pace full slow, outstrip
The strange velocipede. His tongue, let loose,
The lexicon of Babel's languages
Confounded, would soon exhaust!—If sinner,
The pious word, the grace and prayer, fell from
His lips; if saint, the oath and dreadful curse.
His strength how vast! He bounds the granite rocks,
Like balls of cork, down from the highway slopes.
He takes two comrades in a friendly way,
And spins them round, like urchins' tops. Sofas
And bureaus in his hand are merest toys:
For now, there needs reform in household shades,
And furniture is better placed to suit
His taste, fastidious, thus betimes. He lifts
His gentle spouse and all the babes at once.
And fondles in a sickening way.

His wealth,
Immense! He knows no care or want, while thus
The poison wrankles in his swollen veins.
No man of the Exchange, no miser in
His cell, no monarch of the nation's throne.
By half, so rich as he. An El Dorado,
His cottage home, and the well-nibbled plot
Where one small pig and pigeon, famished, feed.

Convivial to excess, his rooms with laughter
Ring; and plaudits, ne'er heard when merited
By her that fain would hear, are lavished now:
And lo, he sings, who never sang before.
Such songs as only they who taste the Tarn!
Perchance he takes a comic turn, and then
At discount the ludicrous in all buffoonery!

Another quaff, and then a change; he reels;
His dignity is gone and all his wealth;
Content to wallow, like the beast, in mire!
Closed are his leaden eyes in trance-like swoon,
While reptiles crawl his body o'er, and treat
Him now as common filth! Oh, mournful sight!—
A soul, aye-living, launched away to earth
On ebbing tides from flowery shores of Bliss,
With heavenly whisper to return—return
All pure and saintly, when the Father wills—
In cess-pool laid, with creeping, loathsome things!
Closed, all the lovely avenues of sense;
Suspended, life and love, respect, and all
That makes the soulful man!—in stupor lost,
A moaning fevered sleep—as devils might
A moment catch, among the seething sloughs
Of their own fiery home.

But see, he wakes;
His palsied limbs have power again to move;—
With blood-red eyes and furious stare, upstarts:
To fiend incarnate, well transformed! His work,
To blast his home and all the comforts his;
She whom he vowed to love, his hottest hate
Outpoured, endures, in life-long agony,
Or crushed, at once, by cruel blow, breathes out
Her angel-life upon the autumn blast!

The innocents, the cottage-doves, so wont
To coo upon his knee when toil of day
Is done, are met with oaths and fatal wrath;
Till moaning low, for lack of bread, they fade
As summer blossoms fade; or, at a stroke
Expire,—their dreamy eyes upturned to God,
Like cherubs sleeping in celestial light!

'Tis thus, it courses on its maddening way
Along the tiny rills of human life—

This subtle poison of the raging Tarn—
Until, repeated oft, the vital fount
Is dry; and in an hour of dread delirium,
The soul goes out into Eternity!

He dies of thirst—the victim of the Tarn—
With the sweet water Nature brews, sparkling
In his sight; as Eastern traveller, weary,
Beholds, not far, the stately palm-trees wave,
Which indicate the pure oasis-spring,—
But all his strength is spent; he looks, and dies!

Yet, brooding o'er all, the weird Enchantment.
How few possess the moral power to shun!

Canto III.—The Concourse.

SINCE time was young, the human heart has shown
By unmistaken signs, that heart corrupt,
And swift to follow on where error leads.

The gorgeous way is eager thronged, altho'
The final step be death and dreadful doom:
In evil path the multitude is found,
While sky-born Virtue only counts her few.

Presaged, this dark rebellious course, when there
"Was war in heaven," God's angel hosts did strive
With cohorts of the pit; and yet, they strive
In war—the principles of Right and Wrong,
To be decided on some earthly field,
In conflict fierce, but final,—the victor,
Right, forever crowned before the wondering thrones.
The interim, a busy scene, by turns,
Of conquest and defeat:

And nought, perchance,
Has shown in sadder form the heart depraved,
Since the archangel raid, or since the hand
That cherished Eden's flowers, in guilty hour,
Was raised to gather sacred fruit, against
Divine decree—than the eager proneness
Of all races, ranks, castes and creeds, to rush,
En masse, as if by fiendish lust impelled,
Down to the graceless, God-forbidden Tarn!

The man of rural toil, in dewy morn,
Who hears the anthem-songs of bird and bee,
Inhales the nectar of the flowery hills,
Beholds the sweetly flowing rivulets,
All bright and pure from Nature's forest-fount,
By sunlit summer skies encanopied,
Reads angel-alphabet upon the leaves,
Pursues the calling by his Maker blest
With promise of a full reward, when wave
The golden harvest-sheaves; and on the sky,
Or fount, or mead, where'er he looks, one word
Is written—*Pure!* yet, turns his back on all
Of beauty and of bloom, and hies him to
The deadly Upas vault!

The erudite,
Deep-skilled in philosophic lore, with mind
To grasp effect and cause, and grapple pearls
From wisdom's sea, whose value time may not
In all its ages know, till balances
Of worlds eternal tell their worth; even they,
Despite their wealth of mind, quite idiot like,
Go with the silly crowd the grovelling way.

He, too, of flowing speech, the orator,
Whose flaming words have fired the nation's soul
To daring deeds, when wrong besought redress,
Unsheathed, at word, a million swords, to flash

Upon a hostile foe ; as sudden sheathed
Them all again ; whose forte it was, to sway
The listening crowd as mountain-trees are swayed,
Before the tempests of the gathering skies :
And he, in cause devout, in thunder-tones,
To wake the spirit's sleep, and naked send
It to redemption's cross ;—to yonder skies
Give priceless gems, to shine for aye, and help
Some ransomed ones to grasp a crown, and wear
A spotless robe ;—themselves, alas, gone down,
To quench their souls in yonder turbid Tarn !
'Twas passing sad, to see the sacred lawn
In such vile manner, desecrate ! The eye,
Just raised from Book divine, "looks now upon
The Tarn :" the lips from which the precept fell,
To "touch nor taste," are pungent with the same.

And he of legal craft, and brilliant mien,
Whose robes, official, oft have trailed the halls
Of State, while pleading in his client's cause ;
His earnest eyes, like meteors, flashing light,
His hand upraised, as if for thunderbolts
To hurl upon his foes ; the bounding hopes
Of rival ones, to rise or fall by his
Success ;—even he has gone the Lethean way !

And men of science, who could fearless pluck
The lightning flame from out the angry cloud,
And tame the wild and deadly thing, to be
Their own swift messenger, to speak their words,
And carry tidings on to other climes,—
Join continents by cables submarine,
And read the volumes of the earth, interred,—
A silent record kept in strata form
Since time began,—yea, read them in the light ;
Explore the mountains of the silvery moon,
And tell the stars around the midnight throne ;—

From scientific ranks like those, sublime,
Some went to swell the Tarn-devoted crowd!

The statesman, in his country's onward weal:
The patriot, ardent lover of the same;
The man of tactics on the hostile sea;
The man of tactics on contested ground;
The skilful tutor of the youthful mind;
The skilful guardian of the people's health:—
All trades were amply represented there.

And there, are princes of the nation's hope;
And monarchs lay their golden sceptres down,
And from their thrones descend; and they are there—
Their costly crowns with bloody spray besprent!

And aged ones, with locks in perfect bloom
For dissolution's harvest; and men of strength,
With half the days allotted only spent;
And buoyant youths, of summers few, are there.

But, oh, I wondered most to see a few
Of female form stand on the filthy shore!
Creatures of glorious bloom, with love-lit eyes,
And ringlets fluttering in the misty air,
Deep rose-leaf tints upon their soft, sweet cheeks,
Rich cherry lips, and robes, like wreathy snow:
And they, designed to be the friends of man:
To lead his steps from vice to virtue's path;
To shine as stars upon the world of night;
To be the angels of the heart and home,
And by their influence, sweeter make the whole
Of life, and sanctify their race; to stand
Out pure and sinless in the sight of God
And of His saintly hosts, ere days shall end;—
They, among the base besotted concourse—
Who should conduct to bright celestial ranks!—
A picture fit to chill the heart of heaven.

And stop the golden harps in awful pause!—
Only by this redeemed—that they were *few!*
Few of the lovely fair e'er wandered down,
Or gave their sweetness to the maddening cause:—
A glowing proof the cause, entire, was bad!

And there were some from every race of men;
Some of the dusky children of the sun;
Some of the paler sons of arctic climes:
From every verdant isle beneath the heaven,
From every fragment of the teeming world,
They eager came—a swaying mighty host—
As if to judgment! The bowl-like hollow,
The mountain slopes diverging to the gorge,
Were densely thronged with tribes and ranks, diverse.

As but a taste of India's fabled spring
Transforms the virtuous man to vicious:
So these went not as they came; but, echoed
The caverns round, with oaths and blasphemy!
Athletic arms upraised, in horrid crime,
And groups of staggering ones, insanely wild,
And all—by the deadly flaid maddened—
More frantic were than fiercest native beasts!

They went not *all* that came; for, wallowing
In sloughs of Tarn, some lay to rise no more:—
No more their friends to see, or home, or joy;
No more to stand and claim their birthright to
The skies; but blindly ruined, basely lost!

Nor was it free, like pale pure water rills—
This liquid of the poison-tinctured lake—
But on its banks were numerous dens, kept by
Hardened-visaged men—sordid Demases—
With shrivelled souls, or none at all!—their work
To sell what Death distilled, at fearful cost—
At cost of wealth and life, of heaven and soul!

Canto IV.—Ghosts.

A GHOST from other worlds, I never saw;
A host of them in this, all native bred,
And claiming kindred to no better land.

The Tarn excelled in these—could boast its scores—
Commission them to the abodes of men,
To wander up and down, obstruct their paths,
Withstand them on imperial streets, intrude
Upon the sanctity of home, and haunt
Them there, by day and night! They all assumed
Material forms when on their subtle raids
To things material; each particular one
His circuit had, his squad to represent:
Their power quite limited to those who taste
The Tarn. On such as drank from water-springs,
Their strength was vain to harm.

I noted, first,
A Spectre, extremely pinched and haggard.—
A restless, roving form, with piercing eye
And large, set in a shrivelled, wizard face;
A few long locks bedabbled in the Tarn;
Sepulchral arms and hands that loosely swung,
And clad in ragged shreds; they, pulsing forth
Whichever way the rude breezes listed,—
A ghostly thing, as might be placed upon
The bleakest headland of a sterile world,
To warn the voyagers on life's ocean-tide,
To set no foot upon its shores!

His sway
Was vast!—a potent agent of the Tarn—
He breathed on countless homes a withering blight;

And followed in his train a squalid host,
Nor fed, nor clad; their shivering limbs the sport
Of wintry storms. With frantic eye, they raged
For food—for food! Their wolfish howls were heard
O'er hill and dale, from morn till eve, from eve
Till morn; for ample food nor fuel came.
Smiles ne'er played upon their features, rigid;
All mirth was hushed, and pinching want pursued,
Till hope, that fluttered long, had fallen, dead!

Where'er the Spectre went, 'twas parched with drought:
He walked the avenues, and they were burnt
With tears from wives' and famished children's eyes;
White cottages amid the locust trees
Were touched, and windows fell; and slate and tile,
In fragments, crumbled to decay. No home
Did flourish well as that which flourishes
The least when others most—The Poors' Asylum!

He pilfered clothes and coins from dying men:
No age or sex exempt for aught possessed,
To prattling child, and sire upon his staff;
Dark was the sky above, the earth beneath
Was dark, and strewn with cinders from the pit.
The food that dropped from heaven each golden year,
Six million human ones to satisfy,
Must go to feed the *worm* that battens in
The *Poison Presses* in the murky wood,
Which sent their deadly tribute to the lake!

'Twas fearful havoc that he made of homes
Of happiness, and all that tends to joy—
This peering, potent ghost of *Poverty*,
That haunted all the votaries of the Tarn!

There was one, a giant among the ghosts:
The figure he assumed was quite uncouth,
But clad in flaunting robes, diversely hued.

A costly diamond flashed upon a hand,
In contrast with the blackness of the heart
Which moved the hand to most degrading deeds.
With forehead low, and downcast eye, which loved
Not day, in nightly shades his vicious haunts
He sought, well furnished with immoral guests:
Upon his face were drawn the lines of vice,
And much of sensual, plainly written there;—
A leering ghost, as one might chance to meet,
And such as the arch-fiend might call to plunge
A dagger in the breast of Chastity!

Deputed by the conclave of the Tarn,
A charge he had, and sallied forth, when bade.
Unto the busy marts around the place.

His band he led in dubious ways, where all
Was dark; and night shade blossomed there, around
The paths, exhaling breath of pestilence;
And yet, a numerous train did follow on,
At cost of virtue, healthy bloom and life!
They strove the law of morals to repeal,
And Passion drew for them th' accepted code.

The still and starry hours, designed for man,
His nature to refresh, by balmy sleep,
That he might more enjoy the day, and spend
Its light in better deeds, they pilfered from
Their horologe of life, the residue
To crowd with more debauch!—

Their fortunes gone—
The legacies of sainted ones—the homes,
The granite mansions by their fathers built—
The meadows shaded o'er with stately elms—
All, all ventured in the nightly revel;
And by the demon, gulphed, of gambling fate!

When morn arose, forth from their hells they came,—
Not looking at the blessed sun, or trees,
Or streams; not hearing Nature's anthem-song
Of beast, and bird, and bee; but looking down,—
The cadence of the word which last they heard,
Like muffled bell of doom, vibrating, "lost"!
And lost was life, as well as purity
And wealth;—impelled by dire despair, they plunged
Yet deeper in the Tarn, and rose no more!
The work assigned to *Dissipation's* ghost,
Was dared and done!

I saw another rise
Up from the sloughs of Tarn, of piteous mien,
And manner staid, and frightful, too, withal;
More feared for what he did, than what he seemed
To have the power to do;—a ghost of dread—
For that a hidden ill e'er brooded in
His mind; subject to sudden freaks of crime.
He shunned the crowd, the public ways, and sought
The sacred precincts of the kindred home!
Neglected garbs quite loosely hung about
His boding form; and ever and anon,
His hands were raised in a despairing way;
A gloomy Spectre, such as well might stand
On balcony or tower, to fright away
The Dove of Happiness from lovely homes!

Sad scenes distinguished his domains! Sad scenes
Of early blighted life—its love and hope!
Pale maidens sat with all the summer tints
Of beauty faded from their pallid cheeks;
And mothers sighed and wrestled hard with fate;
And fathers said no soothing, tender word.
The love that wreathed itself around the group,
And made them one, in other days, was gone,—
Gone, the charm of ministering to kindred weal,
The sunny smiles around the social hearth,

The cheerful gossip at the festive board—
That board, of its rich viands quite bereft;—
The luxuries gone, and all the light!

Perchance,
The nuptial tie is loosed; and they, made one
By sacred law, till death, a nearer death
Invoke—and by the selfsame law, are "found
Guilty" of connubial suicide!

And there was much unknown to all, save those
Who were the worse for knowing. The mourning,
Sighs and tears—the imploring wails to God—
From hearts all broken, bleeding by distress,
And sorer, because the wound was secret,
Celestial heaven might see and hear, with awe;
And angels fold their spotless wings and weep!

Methought his wretched work had well been spared.
His thrusts at the sweet sanctity of home—
This heinous ghost, *Domestic Woe!*

The next,
A figure tall and bowed; with channels deep
For saline streams adown his cheeks to run;
The drapery that he wore, of sable hue;
And from his head a dusky badge streamed forth—
Another from his arm. Nor rested he,
But ever moved; and in the moving, moaned!
A mournful ghost, as might be thought to stand
In the great cemetery of human kind,
Alone—the last of all his race gone down!

And where he went, not all did live and smile;
Many, or few, but always one, was dead!
He led a broken-hearted widow-train
Among the tombs; an orphan band he led,

And weeping sore, for parents dead and lost—
Their half-clad, snow-white limbs long since benumbed.

His haunts were marked by chairs not dusted oft;
And tiny dresses hanging on the walls,
None ever came to claim, or e'er take down!
And dainty shoes bereft of dimpled feet,
With curious toys, were laid in sacred place;
And shady garments to and fro were seen
To glide; and steps subdued, and whispers low,
Were heard, amid the calm of giant grief.
So many homes without their hosts were found,
The strange might deem a conscript call were made
To foreign shores—and deeming well—to come
No more!—'Twas sad to trace *Bereavement's* steps
To myriad doors—a dark, unbidden ghost!

And now, a spectre rose of puny form,
With vestments meagre as the form they clad;
And limbs that bowed and swayed, as lacking strength;
Eyes, meaningless, fit mirrors of the mind;
Head ponderous; and with body quite unmatched;—
A phantasm, unnatural, in ghostly life—
The marvel of their museum!

But he
Had power with Tarn-devoted ones, to take
A cubit from their stature, and let them down,
The sons of towering men, to dwarfish growth;
Rob them of all ancestral traits, save one,
Their proneness for the poison of the lake.

How strange to see them delving here and there.
Mere pigmies on the earth, their own; unfit
To till demanding soil, or bring to view
The treasures folded in its verdant robes,—
A fruitless maze, for lack of manly might.

And mental imbeciles, withal;—no mind
For daring thought or noble deed; unfit
To guide, or follow, in Improvement's march.
How pitiful to rule!—a pigmy on
A throne, to sway a huge planet's sceptre!—
No marvel if God's universe might mock.

The general intellect was sorely marred;
The tiny race their drivelling brand displayed,
In feature, form, in word and deed. They were
"A feeble folk," the ghost *Degeneracy*,
Led up and down, disqualified for toil;
Swinging their nerveless limbs in ways grotesque;
And such as one of the herculean days
Might start to see—not knowing, now, his kind!

And tracing, close, the dwarfish steps, there came,
Another dreadful figure from the lake;
And he was wan and livid, both, by turns;
As restless, too, as any ghost might be;
Parched with burning heat and chilled with cold;
Robes closely folded now, then dashed away,
As if conflicting passions raged within;
Protruding cheeks, and sunken eyes, made bright
Or dim, as pain diversified might list;
As feeble as the pendant leaf, betimes;
Again, a very lion, he, for strength;—
Not duly feared when stalking near; but feared
The most when fear is more than vain;—a ghost,
The climax of whose joy would be to take
All lovely things and stamp them in the Tarn!

He came; and every breath sent pestilence
To homes contiguous;—a tearful time around
The Tarn! The ghostly blight came up on all;
From factory and field they smitten came,
And laid them down. And there were those who walked—
The wonders of tenacious life;—impaired

In vital force; the hectic burning in
Their cheeks, or, sallow with disordered bile;
Dyspeptic-worn, to grim anatomies,
Loathing life, and loving what most they loathe.
But moving still—more fit to rest in death!

A latent virus rankled in the bones
Of some; and they nor life nor muscle had,
Merest drones in the busy mundane hive,
For lack of the constraining power to act.
And bloated ones, with blood-shot eyes, there were,
More burly, far, than brisk. And sown, with life,
The germs of swift demise, in youthful forms;—
A fatal mildew on the human flowers.

Thronged were the hospitals; in every ward,
A pallid face—and groans, the vigil-sign.
The angel, Health, had soared to purer scenes,
And over all the ghost *Disease* did clap
His fevered hands, enraptured at his power!

But, lo! a raving spectre cometh up,
With sloping brow and wildly gleaming eye;
And from his naked breast, the raiment torn.
Anon, he flings his ghostly arms on high,
And laughs—the death-like laugh of deep despair;
Or, clutching firm his tangled locks, he shrieks,
Such shrieks as Tophet-beaten cliffs throw back.
Forevermore!

In milder mood, his tones
An incoherent babble, solely void
Of weight and wit;—not knowing when to smile
Or weep, but mingling both, promiscuous;—
The silliest ghost of the fraternity—
Over whose helpless plight sweet sympathy
Might over, ever weep; but weep in vain!

His forte was with the tender human mind—
The brilliant gem heaven gave terrestrial ones,
To ope and bloom for immortality;—
And that, most saintly part, the thrusts received,
The silly spoiler gave, and lo, it drooped!

And here, O Pity, drop a crystal tear,
And let it glitter on the banks of Tarn,
For man bereft of mind!—a mourner for
God's jewel lost—and wandering forth, *alone!*

I saw them rushing wildly up and down;
I heard them moaning, babbling, idiot-like—
The piteous throng, the intellect-bereaved—
Not caring they for flood or fire, or strife
Of elements; but ever roving, nor where,
They knew, nor why.

Sisters, in dishabille,
Would rush down to the lake, as if to grasp
A brother, plunging there; or, shout across,
To one their wayward fancy pictured on
The other shore;—the echo of the wood,
The only voice returned!

Pale mothers, too,
With tresses all disheveled, the dark shore
Would traverse o'er, to find the serpent, huge,
That stung and crushed to death a boy, for each,—
"Their noble boy," they said!

Heroic men,
The mental blight would feel; and struggling long,
Succumb, at last, to join the ranks insane;—
More sad and hopeless grown than others, then!
They prayed and cursed, as spirits good or bad
The ascendant gained; till wasted, worn,

In mystic midnight hour, "The Tarn! The Tarn!"
They shrieked, and died!

And frantic groups were led
To close asylum cells, upon the city hills,
Far up, beyond the lake; not knowing, they,
But wide Elysian fields would open to their view;
Or, angel-pathways from those mansions, fair,
Lead onward to the fruit-red, Eden groves;—
Nor knowing when the door, that hid them from
The world, was shut!

I grieved to see so much
Of beauty there, and youthful innocence,
Secluded from the brightness of cerulean skies.
Pure female forms, the peach-bloom of whose lips
Was never soiled by draught or drop of Tarn,
There, silent sat; and glorious in their gloom!
Great tears ran down upon their fragrant breasts;
Or, frantic flung on cold asylum-floors,
They wailed for kindred once their own; but now,
No kin have they in all the bitter world:—
The dreadful lake conceals their loved and lost!

This fact, I noted well; among the crowd,
Unrational and wild, the greater part
Some dawning had of what produced their woe;
The burthen of their raving was, "*The Tarn!*"

Their slumbers broken by disordered dreams,
They oft would start and shout, "The waves, the waves
Are coming up!—the serpents, too!—O, save
My mother, father, sister, brother, son!"

A thrilling work was that allotted to
The ghost *Insanity!*—and well discharged!

And yet, another, pallid figure came—

Most spectral of the fatal train;—the fear
Of all—none wishing to be led by him;
Yet, following, all, whene'er he chose to lead!
And he was pale, and wore a shroudy garb,
Which closely cleaved unto his wasted frame.
His horrid jaws were all exposed, and so,
The sockets of his eyes;—and shuddered, he,
As with intensest chill. His bony hand
A glittering sickle held, as to the haunts
Of all the ghostly bands, well-pleased, he strode;
His lot to gather those they had made fit
For harvest, premature!

A thrilling sight!
He lopped them off by scores,—the bad, and those
Who suffered with the bad,—as at the day,
The world's last reaping day, "the wicked shall
Be severed from among the just." They lay
Around the Tarn, as slaughtered armies lay
Upon the gory field—all stark and dead!
The ghostly conclave raised their victory-shout,
Till answered by the loud hurrah of hell!

Thus, the ghost of terror, *Death-Premature,*
His work did end amid applauding cheers!

Canto V.—Fiends.

IN zigzag courses 'neath the rising mount,
Were caverns huge, and densely dark; half hid,
Their entrances, by strange distorted plants,
And slimy rocks, all shelving downward to
The highest rage-mark of the noxious lake;
For, though no tide had it whose ebb and flow

The placid moon and balmy winds o'erruled,
Yet, fearful risings oft it had, as if
From nether cause. Perchance, the boiling swells
Of Satan's gulf produced its pulsing surge,—
The two, connected by some mystic stream!
But there, the entrance to the caverns lay,
Above the wall of filth the fiercest swells
Brought up; they, tenanted at times by fiends—
Infernals, gloating o'er their human prey—
Terrific monsters, all diverse in form,
Agreeing in one only point, their terror!
Half dragon and half human, some would seem;
And some had lions' heads on scorpions' tails,
With deadly stings,—deformly matched. Some, too,
The eagle's head and wings, attached unto
The scaly crocodile. And then, the dove
Would in the ponderous serpent terminate:
And they would walk erect, or fly, or crawl,
As answered best the mission, theirs. Anon,
They belched forth fiery streams,—roared, hissed and screamed,
Until the tops of all the dwarfish trees
Around the hollow, shook. And they inspired
To direful deeds the tippling residue;
Infused their spirit in the Tarn from which
The dupes were wont to drink, and in the act,
Possessed of all—the nature and the name!—

But, fiends can better tell of fiendish deeds.
It chanced, when I beheld, the greater part
Had met within the caves—a circumstance
Of long recurrence in their wandering lives,—
And were rehearsing for the social cheer;
The toil of each; and so, his great success,
Corrupting earth and spreading human woe.

The first I heard was *Common Crime*. He said:
"Friends, and brother Fiends,—On this occasion,

I am o'ercome with joy, to meet you all
Inside our shady cavern walls ;—I feel
A thrill, fraternal, in my hardened soul ;—
Can scarce suppress a fiendish shout, to cheer
Our waiting comrades in the burning realms.

"I turn to good account the drops of Tarn ;
Inspire the race of men to countless crimes ;
To trample laws in dust and loud defy
The learned conclaves whence the statutes come ;
And make the pugilist the arbiter
Of all the petty feuds, till blows and blood,
And broken heads, abound at every turn.

"I recommend a love for burglary ;
And such the rage for pilfered goods, that bolts
And bars, and deadly arms, alike are dared :
And larceny, in all its varied forms,
Is practised to excess ;—no wealth secure,
But that which cautious Nature closely locks
In her unyielding *safe*—the solid earth.
A neighbor's hand outreached for neighbor's gold
In stealthy mood ; or tiger-like, his herds
Surprising in nightly hour, intent to slay,
Are frequent scenes—the idlers' gossip theme—
In wilful disregard of moral codes,
Of Sinai's flaming words, 'Thou shalt not steal.'

"Fraud, too, is favored more than feared ; the son
Arrayed in civil law against the sire,
And *vice versa*, as the case may be ;—
The spectacle of love paternal, lost,
And filial fear.

"The furious bandit prowls
Amid the lonely groves or dark ravines,
For prey, regardless at what cost unto
His victim; not shunning the city throng.

He filches gold from unsuspecting ones,
And bears the hope of toiling lives away.
And some, made bold by potions of our Tarn,
Will even invade the cities of the dead,
And tear the jewels from the sepulchred!

"I mar the beauty of the Christian land
With prisons for our vagrant throng, whose walls
Of gloom look backward to the ages rude,
Not forward, to the advent of the pure;
And when our rivals build a towering Church,
Within its shade I straightway raise a jail,—
Our oaths to mingle with their orisons,—
The sons of Tarn met with the sons of God!

"No idler's life is mine. I penetrate
The universe unto its bold frontier;—
Am everywhere—an omnipresent Fiend;
I claim the victor's palm as mine, by right!"

Then *Discord* flapped his dragon-wings and lashed
His writhing tail in awful state, and said:

"Hear me, Fiends and brothers, all! and fear ye,
As best becomes all those my thunders hear!
Since ere the wings of Time began to stir,
Or, in the belfry of the earth to be,
A ponderous stroke was heard, I lived on high;
And gave, in my first youthful rage, to heaven
A jar, which its pure order quite disturbed,
And shook a third part of the morning stars
From out their spheres, to float in hell—myself
Hurled headlong with the rest. And then, unknown,
The maddening poison of the Tarn! Think ye,
With agent potent as that now possessed,
My power has aught declined? Does vice decline
By practice through terms of years or ages?

"Aha! those dregs that lash against our caves—
With them I do transact most fiendish deeds!
I cause contention in the heart of home—
Most sacred place since bloomed that Paradise—
And scream with joy to see the father hurl
His lovely daughter to the graceless street,
Or bid the son a fortune seek abroad,
Denied at home by mad paternal power.
Domestic shades are made a scene of strife;
The husband wrangling with his chosen love,
She, flashing fury at her precious dear,—
A pandemonium, *versus* paradise!

"My influence great to public men I lend;
Their minds and acts at once are all diverse,—
As many projects rise as there are men,
As many bitter words as men and fiends,
Till measures for the local weal are lost
Amid the jars and jargon of the scene;
And streets are cumbered with tumultuous throngs,
Whose broils explode in blows; fit deeds to shame
The raging denizens of native wilds!

"O'er councils educational I preside,
And thwart what should their noble object be—
To make so plain the paths of lore, that all
Might run to fame. Instead, I hedge the way
With intricacies that would perplex a fiend
Of lesser skill—nor ever miss my aim;
For discord takes the place of zeal discreet,
And parents vow their sons may roam upon
The brink of Tarn, and seek the tutors there.

"Their civil polity I make corrupt;
Corrupt the nation's soul with suffrages
In mad exchange for fluid of our lake.—
Who highest piles the casks in polling booths,
Rides highest in the chariot of state,

With consciences, the great birthrights of men,
Bound to the wheels ;—yea, bartered for *a drink !*
Nor am I destitute of ardent hope
To see our subtle billows yet advance,
The civil structure wholly undermine,
And swallow it in Tarn !

"I so confound,
Or make diverse their language, spiritual,
No one another's creed can understand,
Or say 'Shibboleth' in the self-same way ;
For when our stimulus the brain excites,
A pious vein flows with the impious,—
Its forte to make its willing captive seem
What least he is ; and those, in other mood,
Who never name the cause devout, are first
In fervor, when thus inflamed. Anomalies
Are order then. The man who shuns the stream
Of limpid waters flowing through the vale,
Nor music hears, nor sees of beauty there,
Which crystal drops or curving deeps both fail
To charm—that water, now, his earnest theme !
The drop or deluge—which will save, applied
In sacrament ? for bliss is won or lost
By water ! Thus, is controversy rife
Where grace should flourish most. I give them cheer,
And start them all a different road to heaven !

"With my discordant hand I break the strings,
In every place and power, of harmony ;—
In Church and State, in circles high and low,
Till in reverse, time, tone, and order, jar ;
Magnify the feuds of rival realms,
And fire them all to war. When gory streams
Run down, I flap my dragon-wings in blood !"

And next, the filthy fiend, *Profanity*,
His croaking voice loud sent along the caves ;
And thus his descant ran :

"Foul Fiends of Tarn,
I offer you this challenge: Here produce
A lover of our lake who does not use
My own polluted speech, and I retire
From fiendish ranks. Fail to succeed, and then
I hold my power commensurate with yours!

"A dialect profane is one result
Of the defiling draught, ne'er yet revoked.
It charms my darkened soul to hear the words
Which hell long since threw out as obsolete,
And gathered up by me, for further use,—
To hear them mingling with sweet Nature's song,
And wafted on the balmy wings of day,
Corrupting all the social atmosphere,
And so, the chastity of human speech!

"Oh, how the blooming youths do love the slang
Of Tarn! how eager to be my pupils,
And bear their learning home, its sanctity
To mar—a murky blight upon the joy!
An object worthy my tuitive tact,
To store the youthful mind with spurious speech,
Incline it in the tender morn, which way
The eve will find our cause the best subserved.
If lacking due regard for purity,
The young ascend the hill of life, they chance
To go the downward slope accursed! No fear
Or reverence for the sacred name of Him
Who reigns, or for His holy Oracle;
But both, as oft as named, alike profaned!

"I teach them to revile the godly ones,
Whose mission 'tis lost glory to restore,
And flood the world with sheen divine.
I bid them mock the prophets of the Lord!"

"'Tis true! 'tis true!" cried *Blasphemy;* while thrice

His scorpion-tongue he darted forth; "thou art
My kindred fiend; when with thy dupes thou canst
No farther go, thy funds of knowledge spent,
I lead them all along the impious way,
Unto the utter end. I bid them hurl
Their slander at the blazing Throne on High,
And him who sits thereon, and at the ranks
Of shining cherubim, whose outspread wings
Encanopy the mercy seat!—Assail
The darling attributes of the Eterne;—
His justice in exacting dues of sin
From bankrupt souls.—His awful judgment, too,
In verdict—*Endless Death*—without repeal!

"I bid them scoff and scorn His providence,
Which sweeps in majesty through firmament,
Or rolls its mighty wheels o'er earth, with rings
So high that they are dreadful; crumbling thrones,
The sovereign dynasties of elden date;—
Placing sceptres in other hands, diadems
On other heads, the better to subserve
The vast purposes of Mind Eternal:—
To jeer at great reverse producing right;
And sickness, flowing streams of heavenly health;—
Misfortune here, more fortune hence.

"They blow
Their poisonous breath at heaven, and all its bliss;
They imprecate their souls in frantic mood;
They dash the drops of Tarn toward the sky,
And uttering words against the Trinity,
Incur the sin forever unforgiven!"

"Hold! Brother Fiend," cried *Infidelity*;*
"Thy promise was to lead unto the end,
Yet, recognizest an Omnipotent,
And justice, judgment, providence, and sin!

*I wish the term Infidelity to embrace Atheism also.

If there be God, is there an end?—an end
Of life, or death, or yet of fiendish lore?
Mine, brother, is the briefest creed on earth,
And soonest learned by Tarn-delirius ones—
'*There is no God*'—and there's an end to all!
An *ignis fatuus* from the fens of Tarn,
In ages dark, it was embraced; until
I hoped the world would seal the Sacred Book,
Inter it in the dust, and rend the sky
With shouts, 'There is no God!' That hope's deferred
A little time; our zeal, as ever, burns;—
Luxury, intemperance, our agents still.

"My soul exults to see my votaries
Stamp the earth, and [illegible] themselves its monarchs:
Their attribute to rule themselves unruled—
Lords of a globe unblest with vital joy,
Where men are three score years and ten in dying!
No faith or hope beyond the azure sky,
No spirit bloom when mortal languishes,
No trump to wake the isolated dead,—
A sleep not even blest with dreams of life.

"The dense curtain of mortal night, I drop
Before their eyes, and all's disorder then.—
World-realms upheld and toiling on by chance:
The fiery Mars and Jupiter, with all
The planet hosts, [illegible] through the ether
Dashing. The seasons ruled by purblind chance.
No order in the lovely floral fields;
The fragrant rose quite fail to blush
On thistle stem; or grass produce the acorn;
Or stately oak, the tiny flower of grass;
Huge trees inverted, their roots, unsightly,
Clambering upward to the sky. Creation,
And all its vast affairs, without a cause!
Discard a Being pure, that rules unseen,
And lives in all that is; whose injured law

Is sin; who points at man a livid flame,
When words and acts no honor bring to Him;—
Then nature matriculates to highest rank
In vice; and moral licenses expire.
Well pleased, my manual seal I then apply
To the death-document of human ones;
And laud the spirit-potions of our lake,
As leading onward, step by step, to where
There is an end—an end of light and life!"

Just then, a thrilling cheer rang through the caves
Another fiend had come—late from his haunts—
All sullied o'er with grime, and gore-besprent!
They styled him *Murder*, as he took his place
Amid the clan.

"Most potent Fiends," he said:
"I had been sooner to our rendezvous,
But that a pressing incident detained me:
A Tarn-infuriate man in anger with
His babes. I prompted him, till trampling on
His son, the tender boy was crushed and dead!
You will award me now a moment's space,
To state what cannot fail to interest.

"I cause the fluid of our Tarn to make
Another fluid flow—the crimson streams
Of human life—a deluge o'er the earth;
For, there is scarce a spirit wrested from
Its tenement, by violence, and 'scapes away.
But to the deed our liquid instigates!
Respecting none, my work, in charge goes on;
Nor lordly robes, nor kingly sceptres shield.
In midnight hour, when most of peril, doom,
And death befall to men, the red right hand
Deals out the blow, the bullet, or the drug,
That makes the living less. Families, at once,
Struck down, all stark and stained—perchance, by hi

Whose blood they share!—the cheek of beauty marred,
The matron brow, the dimples in the face
Of infamy!
A gentle life, perchance,
Long drooping from effects of wrathful blow,
And, like the dove, by cruel arrow pierced,
Pressing its wings still closer to its side,
As sorer grows the wound,—this wounded life
In secret, long endures, until, at last,
Its bright wings are raised in skyward flutter.
The flowers are dyed a crimson hue, and earth
Reeks with the fluid-life of innocence.
The sea its mighty secret keeps, till the
Disclosing day, of myriad murdered ones
Consigned unto the depths; the tragic scenes
Unknown to all, save those who did the wrong,
And Him who witnesses all wrong that's done.

"I tempt them oft to turn their weapons to
The hearts, their own—not staying for a call—
Rash intruders upon the woful world!

"I grace the villages beyond the Tarn
With scaffolds; a thousand ways, unnatural,
Usher beings forth to meet the Judge!"

The fiendish conclave then dispersed, to roam,
As heretofore, in furtherance of their cause.
The lake, a fierce wave sent from its centre,
A circling wave, that crashed against the shore,
And sent its roarings through the drooping trees,
Up to the summit of the foggy hills.

Canto VI.—Solitary Incidents.

AMONG the many thrilling incidents
Contiguous to the Tarn, I noted these:—

A lady lay upon her couch; her face
Wan as the plant excluded from the light;
The hectic faded out. Life's final stage
Was nearing fast the terminus.
"O come,
My dearest one!" she breathed in whispers low.
"The mystic veil is falling on my sight.
Could I but see thee now, and, dying, plead,
My loved would yet be saved—reclaimed from Tarn.
Then I could see the Beulah land with joy,
And list to hear thy footsteps on the streets—
The golden pavements of the skies—as oft
I heard them here, when coming from thy toil.
He does not come!"—She said no more: but lay
A calm, dead creature,—her tresses scattered
O'er the pillow snowy-white.
Midnight came:
Then came two morning hours; and with the third
The husband came—a Tarn-distracted wretch.
He called to her who always answered. Now,
No prompt response. He staggered to the bed:—
"Asleep? Waiting, asleep, for me, her lord?"
He bade her "rise." She never disobeyed
Till then. "I'll shake the slumbers from your eyes
And dashed his fist into the pale dead face!
More cruel, far, than Death! Death did not mar
The placid features.

Not distant far, another, waiting sat:
One only year since she had sat, a bride.

At side of him for whose return she waits.
Now, in the reckless concourse of the Tarn.
The food is gone; and fuel, too, is spent:
Her nourishment, to nourish the tender babe.
Her babe and his, from failing nature's fount:
Her warmth, to impart her vital heat to it.
A sad, sweet melody she chants, to make
Its slumbers blest. And were it not she hears
A music not of earth, which whispers, "cheer."
She could no longer sing.

Three weary days
In waiting—then he comes, demanding food.
Tears are eloquent; volumes flowed in tears,
From those sad eyes, upturned; but ah! no words;
Enraged, he cast her forth into the night—
The bitter night—the infant folded in
Her arms—and locked the door!

With dawn of day,
There came a dawn of reason; the demon
Weary in his soul. He now bethought him
Of his deed infuriate, and oped the door.
Oh, horrid sight! a gust of wreathy snow,
And then the mother fell upon the threshold,
The infant still enfolded in her arms—
Both frozen, dead!—the tear-drops glittering on
Their cheeks!

Above the slope, among the dwellings there,
One dwelling mourned its master's sad demise:
His frequent act, through a long course of years,
To trace one of the stealthy paths adown
To where it met the surges of the lake.
Imbibing the mad draught, thus long, it wrought
Delirium oft; and so, one night when heavens
Were weeping rain, as if o'er that one scene,
He homeward rushed, his eyes aflame with fear.

Chased, he said, by hosts of stinging serpents.
Home-sought refuge afforded no relief;
They still pursued, till, through the vestibule
Of death, the frantic spirit fled. A curse,
Half said, divided 'tween this world and That!

His comrades in the stealthy paths of Tarn
A vulgar throng—came, all, to hold a wake,
With each a flask protruding from his breast,
Well filled with fluid from the haunted deep—
Their antidote, they said, for heat and cold,
The loss of sleep, and dangers and disease.
But, ere one-half the nightly hours were spent,
Spent was all their awe, and all sobriety.
They sang and shouted, danced and fell, as fiends
Might clamor o'er a fallen foe. They raised
Their lifeless comrade's head, and bade him drink!
Yea, placed the poison to his marble lips
Again, and poured it in his powerless throat.
It flowed and stained the shroud. They drank his health
And cried, 'Good fellow! Here's to your white cravat!'
And thus, that morn beheld the senseless man,
Most sensible of the appalling group.

In suburbs of the city, circling Tarn,
There stood two costlier mansions than the rest.
One, by a garden, made quite Eden-like,
The home of gorgeous flowers; and birds came from
The southern zone, to taste the nectar in
Their cups, and sing, and flash their gilded wings
Amid the summer rays. And, sweeter still,
The hand that cherished them was white and pure:
So bright the form that glided up and down
The walks, she looked as from the liquid skies.
An arbor, there, her dazzling hand had formed,
Entwined with ivy and convolvulus;
And when the drifting blossom-leaves were fanned
From out the paths, the truant tendrils helped

Back to their homes, she sweetly there reclined
An angel taking rest. The only flower
Of home, she bloomed alone, save him, the joy
Of that other mansion. Since childish days
They had been fond; and each with each their wealth
Of company they shared. A pleasant youth
Was he, and soulful, too, and loving flowers;
But, O! extremes of taste, he loved the Tarn—
Loved it, since first he sipped the "moving" drops
Reached by a parent's hand in glittering glass
Across the dining board,—a deepening love.
And when he breathed of other love to her,
The answering whisper was as he had hoped.
With this provise, he must reject the Tarn;
She could not live to be less loved than it.
He promised "to abstain from this time forth."

The garden was their paradise; for there
Each lost a heart, and each a heart had found.
The nuptial day was drawing near. They sat.
One eve, in the long frequented arbor,
To join the glowing theme so dear to both.
But has a reptile cold dared to invade
That sweet retreat? She fled the sacred place
In horror, he to ascertain the cause,
When, pale and pure, she spoke:

"O, Dearest Frank!
The odors of the Tarn are on your breath
Again. Your words are rendered vile—your words
To me. The promise—oh, is a promise
Of no avail to her you wildly love?"

"My angel, I will promise yet again;
Yea, vow it on the Oath Immutable,
So you but say no more, no longer grieve!"

Pity, purity, dignity and love,

All blended in her earnest look to him;
Then calmly said, "'Tis formal, Frank, to vow
Upon the Book—a legal act, too oft
Performed without producing ample thought.
This saintly eve, vow by our love, our hope
Of bright connubial bliss, and then, our hope
To roam the brilliant gardens of the skies,
And gather blossoms from the Tree of Love,
Forevermore—while God looks down!" Her hand
In his, he looked to heaven and her, and vowed.

The sweetest, saddest day at length arrived:
The costly mansion-halls were gaily thronged:
The priestly man, with book in hand, was there:
Before him stood the plighted *two*, to hear
The mystic words would strangely make them *one*:
When, sudden as the meteor-flash, she turned
On him she loved a withering look, and cried:
"You have another idol, Frank, more loved
Than I, demanding your first devotion!
Have you forgot that solemn vow, by all
Our hopes for either world?" And God looked down.
"How could you crush my heart in manner thus:—
How could you bring the odor of the Tarn
Into this sacred place? Go to your bride-
The nauseous lake—I ever go unwed!"

She vaulted from his side; and as she fled,
A single rose fell from her hair. So fell
Their hopes! He disappeared—a ruined life.
That midnight heard the fatal plunge into
A fluid grave.
No year had passed till from
Asylum gates they bore her to her rest,
To wait the trumpet voice that calls to life!

There came three men from higher walks of life—
Of public fame, well skilled in classic lore

Down to the Tarn. Fast friends did they appear:
One never came alone, but always three!
Nor sordid they, but prodigal of wealth,
All lavished on the revel; regarding,
Each, the others' joy, if joy the sensual.
Their golden coins were eagerly caught up
By subtle venders of the deadly draught,
Who hugged them to their hearts—"the price of blood!"
Fit source of grief is talent, wasted, lost!
Most needed boon of life, most misemployed:
Heaven bewails the wrecks of all the gifted.
Seen floating off celestial shores, as drift
They to the swift rapids of raging Wrath.

And these, with mind akin to that which moves
The world, and genius, handmaid of the mind.
Directed well, would higher raise the race
Above the fall, and give an impulse to
Earth's glorious destiny;—these, squandered all—
Their health and wealth—the wealth their talent gained.
So went to drink each other's cheer, and dash
The price in glittering gold, in spendthrift mood—
Their fortunes, now, scarce equal to a glass,
A flowing glass of Tarn!
When brilliant mind
On wrongful pathway comes to a crisis,
To deeds of rashness it is sadly prone.
Confronted by the case extreme, they mixed
A hastier deadly drug with drops of Tarn.
Drank to each other in the poison bowl.
And thus, together died as they had lived.
In way forbid; incurring double death—
The drunkard's and the murderer's fearful doom!

Another sottish creature came; he bore
The Book of Books beneath his filthy arm.
And sought a vender's den beside the Tarn.
To pawn the same for drink! The graceless man

Uplaid it on his shelf, until redeemed!—
The Book that lies in every Church—the guide
To worlds on high—mankind, all judged by it;
And when its mission done, laid on the Throne!—
That Book upon a vender's shelf, in pawn
For filthy fluid of the lake! Ye heavens,
Look down and weep! This, the family Bible;
Ne'er lifted from its sacred place, the stand,
O'erlaid with damask flowers, (but studied there,)
Save thrice! when his own mother took it down
To Jordan's stream, and only loosed her hand
From it, to grasp the palm on thither side;
And when his father, dying, did the same;
And now, when carried to the Tarn, in pawn,
By him, their son!

He staggered to his home:
But, ever went the treasure unredeemed!
For one inclement night, when dizzy with
The potions of the lake, in search for home,
He lost his way, and perished from the cold!—
His Bible in the wretched broker's shop;
His spirit gone to meet its due reward!

Canto VII.—General Results.

I SAW the lake affected all beneath
The sun; and Nature wept because of that
Destroying deep! Man's life was filled with woe:
Want, pain and death reduced the span, so brief
At best, and sent the race, mere juveniles,
Unto the graves;—a man with silvery locks
The rarest marvel!

On sea and river,
The carnage strife went on—no place exempt.

The sea-weed mixed and swayed with human locks:
And coral insects built their monuments
On bones of drunken dead. A sickly scene,
The earth, designed for life and beauty's bloom.
The nations stamped with dire defect in mind:
A blight upon their structure, physical,
A blight upon their homes, upon their fields.
A darkness and a wail of sore distress
Uprising to the skies; forsaken ones
Imploring aid to eke their being out;
Tears coursing from their tender founts, and blood
In currents flowing down;—the deadly lake,
The most prolific cause!
A fearful sight
Did Bagdad's ruins once present, when chief
Of Tartar clans a pyramid upraised
Of two-score thousand human heads, the fruit
Of his victorious swords! But higher rose
The pyramids around the Tarn! They rose,
And bathed their horrid summits in the skies—
The pyramids of skulls the lake had made,
Since first it flowed!—a sad Golgotha scene—
The excavated cemetery, our earth,
Did seem, of all the other starry worlds!

Sin reigned where righteousness should most prevail:
Darkness, where should be streams of light divine;
For nought of heavenly growth could flourish well.
On soil polluted by the poisonous Tarn!
The gospel seed was deluged soon as sown,
And sprang not up to wave like cedar trees;
But vice, in all its dreadful forms grew rank,
Matured by that which fertilized the bad.

The herald of the "tidings glad," to climes
Of orange-groves or stunted northern shrubs,
To ever blooming isles, or isles which bloomed
Not ever,—was met by man's mortal foe,

The foe, alike, of morals and of grace;
And thus, the blood that poured from heaven to wash
Away the guilt of man, the light to dawn
Upon his gloom and help him from the wreck
Of earthliness that crushed him since the fall,
Was quite in vain!—the hope to see him rise
A creature new, the glow of heaven upon
His brow, its love within his heart, and all
His acts converging to that one place; yea,
On its borders living, to wait the call
That bids him to its holiest joy—in vain!
So long as darkened by the mists of Tarn,
His soul impervious to the rays of grace!

I thought it strange that seething lake, its fog,
Its deadly dews, its influence on the world,
Should hinder the millennial day, when all
That "hurts" shall be destroyed—a saintly rest,
Before the gush of Bliss—but so it seemed!

Miasmic vapors rose in which the dews
Of heaven were lost; salvation's drops effete
Upon the surface of a poisoned world!
The breathings of the righteous few fell down,
Too weak to penetrate the leaden mist.—
Jehovah's Sabbaths were defiled by deeds
Too vicious for the days that intervene:
Or plucked entire from out the coronet
Of years, and cast—the beauteous shining pearls—
Amid the debris of the wretched lake!

The fiercest bane to all of moral good,
It makes the fires of wild dramatic rage
Flame outward in most excessive horrors.
The votaries of the stage who would excel
In agile feats, and represent the knave,
The murderer, monster, idiot or tyrant,
Must stimulate the muscle, nerve, and brain,

With the pernicious potions of the lake,
That all the fiery elements of soul
May conflagrate, and strike their Hamlets down:
And from those visionary scenes of blood,
Transition's easy unto the actual!
The ideal—victims of the curtained stage;
Our Cæsars, Lincolns, and McGees, the real!

Thrones washed away, and all their greatness gone:
The seats where art and science flourished most,
Spread in decay. The domes whence knowledge streamed
Upon the world, the haunts where Ignorance broods,
And shakes her wings 'mid superstition's gloom.
A glance on Greece, or Rome, or Babylon cast,
We loud exclaim, "How is the mighty fallen!"
Fallen, by the traffic and indulgent use
Of this most subtle fluid:—indolence,
Pride, extravagance, the sure concomitants.

Time, the gift to man—time, the verdant spot
In the majestic stream that bears him down,
Where, but a little, he may cling, to work
For this world and another—lavished, lost—
Till, soon, a ruder wave unlocks his grasp
And sweeps him on, his labor all undone:
No comforts gathered for his home on earth,
No home prepared when earthly scenes recede.

Wealth, blighted in its sweetest bloom, and made
The greatest ill, what kindly heaven designed
Supremest joy. So many fading ones,
It seemed perpetual autumn with the race!

Character, sacred thing for all to guard,
And bear it through the filth of time, unstained,
Unto the bourn, when it returns, like dove
From out the storm, to make the memory blest—
That frail thing without a guardian, wandering:

No bounds prescribed, or heights or depths, in sin,
Till soiled and dark with filth of Tarn,
It sinks in ruin!

Substance, wealth, in the turbid vortex thrown;—
The goods that starving babes and mothers need—
Till indigence, like prairie fire, sweeps o'er
The earth, and it is black; and heads are bowed;
And homeless ones lift up their voice and weep.
Mounds in the church-yard slope are seen, where there
Were none before; and bells funeral toll;
Processions stumble o'er the tombs and mourn
Because of the life-withering lake!
And Mind—
That Bird of Paradise which soars away,
And nectar from the skies upon its wings
Bears down to sweeten time; and sings of love,
Of life supernal and trees unfading,
Whose healing leaves, plucked off, it brings
For human ills, prescribed by Deity—
Depreciated; wandering frantic; striking
Against the wild cliffs and ever falling,
Like bird aquatic, to earth, storm-beaten,
Which can only rise from its own element,
This, powerless to ascend;—nevermore
To cleave the radiance of celestial stars,
Or trill the music caught on border-lands
Of bliss;—but ever shriek around the Tarn!

Contention haunting the abodes of men;
Disgrace and infamy supremely rife;
Homes, life and property, all in peril;
Destruction, death and woe, sown far and wide.—
Of all the crime that curses fallen earth,
Three parts, I saw, were the prolific fruit
Of this Tartarean deep! one part comprised
The rest!
Say naught of gory fields where War

His centenarian sacrifice is wont
To offer up; then, terms of glad respite;
But wail for the unceasing deadly flow,
By day and night, through years indefinite,
Of this destroying wave, this Amazon,
That heaps its hosts of poisoned dead along
The choking estuaries of Eternity!

It robbed men of the skies—this potent deep:—
Dashed myriad names from out the "Book of Life:"
Kept vacant seats in the celestial groups,
And harps and robes none ever came to take!
'Twas not enough, the blight and death it brought
To men below; it closed the spirit-paths
Conducting unto God; shut Mercy's door,
And down they ever, ever fell! "*The door*
Was shut!" No sound like that e'er thrilled my ear!
The mighty thunder crashed against the Throne,
And echoed thrice within the pearly walls,
Thrice came the echo from cloudy pinnacles
That bound the lurid world. And thrice the hills,
The hills of distant earth, threw back the sound!

"The door was shut!" I looked toward the Tarn,
And livid scrolls seemed shooting to the sky,
Of spiral form, and on the trees they blazed;
The words, or characters they bore, were these:
"NO DRUNKARD HEAVEN'S KINGDOM SHALL INHERIT."

The victims of the Tarn were sore amazed.
When to life's bourn they came, and asked for help:
Yea, asked it of the rocks and trees, in vain!
On rocks and trees, on heaven and earth, the words
"*No Drunkard Heaven's Kingdom shall inherit.*"
The only sight that met their fearful eyes!
And thus, to prove the livid letters true,
They went—went trembling to eternal graves!

Solved were the problems now that sore perplexed
My mind when first I sat beside the stream
Which sought the tide, and parted in its course
The meadow flowers, while Nature's song was heard,
And Nature's sun bled in the glowing west.

The red waves of the Tarn, man's greatest bane!
Supremest cause of wretchedness and woe,
Of destitution, discord, sin and shame,
Of first and second death, *the lake—Intemperance!*

Canto VIII.—The Tartarean Law.

I FELT the risings of a righteous wrath,
To see God's universe, designed to be
The anteroom of Heaven, thus blighted, spoiled;
Its life devoured in death; His handywork
Destroyed.
I looked to see the fire of heaven
Come down and lick the baneful nuisance up.
It did not come. I looked to see mankind,
Or all that drank from Nature's crystal fount,
Make war against the *Presses* in the trees,
The workmen, too, and cut the streamlets off!
Methought I saw them in the distance coming:
My righteous ire glowed to enthusiasm;
I loud demanded of the vapory deep,
Why it should live and lash its death-fraught waves
In the pure face of the all-viewing heaven,
Amid the sunlight of the extended earth,
And darken both? By what authority
It robbed man of two worlds for him prepared
And sent him to a world ne'er made for him?
The filthy cliffs dashed back my bold demand,

But nothing more ;—a scream of nightly bird,
And that was all!

I cast around the place
A vengeful glance, and saw what, until then,
I had not seen.

Upon the drooping trees,
In manuscript, well posted, was a Law,
To authorize the flow, and legalize
The sale of the life-destroying fluid!
Licenses of evil form, headed by
Red paintings of grinning fiends, tempting men
To swallow death which most they fear—these hung
Around the Tarn, and gave it life and power,
And shameless face to do infernal work.
I looked to see the livid signature
Of "Beelzebub," or of his deputies,
Unto the wretched documents affixed:
But, O my countrymen! stand in amaze,
As then I stood! Our own Dominion seal
Had left its impress there!—our "powers that be,"
In compliment to statutes Tartarean,
Had most subscribed!

And here was power for those
Who willed, to deal the maddening fluid out:—
Injure, waste, disgrace and rob their fellows:
Dethrone their reason and destroy their lives,
And that with brazen brow—the law their shield!
O'er the dead form of each that fell, they read
Their warrant for the murderous deed: and dumb
Was all remonstrance.

Not so, the luckless one
They had inflamed by overpowering draughts,
In frenzied mood, who struck his victim down:—
Not sheltered he, behind the legal walls:
The law which makes respectable the crime
Of one, suspends the other in the air,
A spectacle, to die convulsed!

The patron of the traffic base, who loves
The law that places in his eager grasp
The beverage, and to its full extent enjoys
The same, until dues exceed deposits—
Must sit immured in prison shades; and law,
That tempted to the course, rigid as death
And the exacting grave.
No law like this,
Since through Plutonian realms an edict sped,
Proclaiming enmity to earth and skies!—
First license given to woe and death—renewed
In this; and both have left on man their mark.

How strange, a legal wrong should govern men;
A wrong incapable of right; each clause
As free from moral tone as water rills
From alcohol;—a wrong that maddens half,
And sends them out upon the residue
To tear and slay!
A rival wonder, men
Should rise and this satanic thing embrace;
Embrace the liberty to deal destruction
Through the land—themselves no less destroyed!
A stigma to the race, their lust for gold!
They sat, in their unholy cause, and clutched
The coin demanded by the young, to bring
Them from the stumbly paths of mental gloom,
To wisdom's light—the clothes, their naked limbs
Implored—the bread, for which they sobbed in sleep;
Their tender orbs gone down in tearful cloud.
They sat, the lucre-loving Demases,
And gave the people graves for gold! They sat,
And pointed to the law, that covered all
Their deeds; and revelled in the filthy gains!

Death for gold! Then, I wished, on every coin
Exchanged for drops of Tarn, these words were deep
Impressed, that men might see they were "the price

Of blood." Alas! to what extent our coin
Would bear the mark! To what extent required,
If field were bought to bury drunken dead,
Since o'er the earliest trophy of the Tarn,
The dark demons shouted!
And what for them,
The Demases, the desolation venders,
Who look upon their gory prey and smile:
"The law protects; and care not we," they say;—
O, what for them? I asked it there: O, what,
For them? And sluggish birds shrieked round the lake,
"Woe, for them!" The red waves said, "Woe, for them!"
The gloomy trees did murmur, "Woe, for them!"
And higher up, toward the sky, a voice,
Proclaiming, "Woe unto him who maketh
His neighbor drunken!—who taketh his goods
And not by right—woe unto him!"
I saw
The men were doomed! Their gains would fly away
On wings prepared; then bankrupt they, at two
Momentous gates.
The myths of heathen lore
Declare, such pride and arrogance had they
Who built the daring tower on Shinar's plain,
That, from its top, they shot their arrows at
The bliss-bathed banks of heaven; and there defied
The marshalled hosts of God! In blood, bedipped,
Their arrows fell. And thus, the vender's darts
Back to his breast will come, all stained with blood—
The life of innocence—and on his ear
Its wail!
At Sovereign rule, the puny hand
None shake as they who frame the law that gives
Our race to death; and they, who work the same,
In disregard of the stupendous costs,
And heaven's eternal Book of Equity!

Canto IX.—Efforts to Dry the Tarn.

'TIS high-born moral courage in the few
To strike at superstition's root; resist
The ill by time revered; turn o'er a page
In unjust legal lore, or shift the stream
Of custom long misguided. No feature
Shews in bolder light relationship to Him,
The merciful, than this—love for the race
For which He bled—and earnest, jealous toil
To elevate. Such themes the seraphs sing.

I saw a few of "Nature's noblemen"
Come forth. They came far back from golden meads,
From fragrant banks of crystal streams they came,
And pebbly pools, where pure white lilies lay,
Like stars, in tranquil ocean of the sky.
With them, they brought the beauty of their land
In ruddiest tints of health, in brilliant eyes
And purity of form;—blooming, as the fruit
They left;—pure, as the streams from which they drank.

They saw the Tarn—the woe it dealt—the death—
The blackened earth—the pyramids of skulls—
The tears and want—the oaths and blasphemy—
The utter wretchedness of all around—
The maddening streamlets ever trickling on—
The Poison Presses working, working, ever—
The Demases, grasping coins from forms distressed.
Just passing through the "gates of death and hell,"—
All this they saw, and more—then clasped their hands
And wept! Around the pyramids they walked
And wept!—those monuments of human woe!
Dread sculpture there that none might dare to read!
Those ghastly sockets seemed still to weep:
Those silent bones to solemnly implore.

The noble souls were moved to daring thought;
Thought moved them on to daring deed,—*the lake*
To dry! Might it not be? Would earth's loud wail
Not move Omnipotence to hear, and help
Destroy the thing He never called to be—
A vile intruder on His peerless works?
Was heaven not ready now to summon hosts
To stay the fountains of the subtle deep,
And thus, the plague? Had not the moment come
For man to do, and heaven to bless the deed?

And, O, to see the Eden-love restored!
Its harmony prevailing once again;
The crime of earth reduced, its sin and death:
The people living to an age mature,
Each bearing "glory's crown," the silvery head,
And coming in, at last, like ripened sheaf,
Unto the harvest of the Lord of Hosts.
Who would not venture effort in the cause?
Who would not strive the joy to consummate?
They would!—devoted temperance pioneers—
They would begin the work more favored ones
Might end.

And well did they what men might do.
Fiends, demons, men, opposed them sore. The waves
Went o'er their heads; they stood like granite rocks,
Buffeting the wrong and beckoning on the right.
And they were mocked, like him who refuge sought
For kin, and bird and beast, from deluge-death:—
Mocked, when an ark they would provide to save
The race from desolating floods of Tarn!
O, how they yearned, these humane ones, to see
The hopeful day, when they could gently raise
"The window of the ark," the Temperance dove
Send forth upon the turbid waste;—receive
Her in again, with "olive leaf plucked off,
A token that the raging floods were dried!"

The better to advance the cause espoused,
They sought the "union wherein lieth strength,"
And styled themselves, The Band of Abstinence.
And each two se'nnights met, in council grave,
To teach, advise, deliberate, in furtherance
Of their noble aims; seeking, wooing men
To leave the beaten paths of Tarn, and give
Their solemn pledge "to handle, touch nor taste"
The fiery fluid more!
'Twas beautiful
To see them come; by moral suasion, come,
And place their autographs upon the scroll!
The dupe of Tarn, reclaimed, with tearful eye
And trembling hand, would write, and call on heaven
To see the act. And heaven, perchance, his name
Would place upon a brighter page, even in
The eternal Book. And men far down life's hill
Subscribed, and looked towards the setting sun,
To weep their day so short, for work humane;
And youths, who glanced up at the rising orb,
Well pleased with prospect of a lengthy toil;
And maidens traced their names among the wise:
And mothers, too, with joyful tears;—their sons
Would now be saved.
Their pledge, they kept it well.
They drank, from mountain springs and lucid rills,
The healthful beverage of the deer and dove,
But nothing more. And there were those could boast.
No drop of Tarn e'er touched their ruby lips;
And asked no sweeter draught, except to taste
The flowing nectar of eternal streams!

A blooming band—this Band of Abstinence;—
Their souls more brilliant than their outward bloom:
Their toil unceasing as the circling sun;
Their love, the sweet incentive to their toil.

They plead with erring ones to win them back

To virtue's path,—mingling tears with pleading;—
Renounced the lust for Tarn a heinous vice,
That none should tolerate in gospel days,
And pointed to its victims, stricken down;
Accused the men who legislate, with wrong;
Even went so far as to invoke repeal
Of the Tartarean Law, and timely aid
To dry the lake, ere all the race be lost;
Denounced the venders, too, as sordid men
Who lived by fraud and death!
A few gave heed,
And ceased from traffic so accurst. Some paths
Deserted in the Tarnward slope, grew up
With vile, discolored weeds and sickly plants;
But yet the lake remained! The noble Band
Had not the power to cut its sources off.
Deaf were the men who legislate. Loud calls
For help were treated with indifference;
And, "upon the oppressors' side was power,"—
The power of hosts, the mightier power of gold;
The labors of The Band of Abstinence,
Proscribed to those they could by suasion gain.

They promptly did the little they might do;
And saw their rich reward in happy lives
From misery reclaimed; in happy homes;
In thrift and opulence before unknown;
In youthful ones pursuing Wisdom's way;
In healthy bodies and unpolluted souls.

Not theirs to see the deadly floods assuaged;
Not theirs to see the day of freedom dawn
Upon a world of thrall; the mission theirs,
To cry around the Tarn, "Prepare the way
For others yet to come," with banners bright,
Inscribed with, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Their work was done;—the early veterans—

The first to dare reform, the first to do.
A little time they stood to contemplate
Their toil, a heavenly glow upon their brows.
Then passed down to the west, with voice of song,
Beseeching friends to speed the cause beloved.
A golden halo rose where they went down;
Their sun had set, to rise in climes of bliss;
And many looked along their path and sighed.

All honor to the Band of Abstinence!
Their works remain; their record is with men,
And in the volumes of the Evermore
"Laid up," for proclamation in the day
When all the worlds come home unto their Source!

I saw the noble Band, not yet extinct:
Successors rose in counterpart the same;
Though scattered wide, their power was felt for good:
Ever, the faithful champions of the right,
And mortal foes of the pernicious lake.

I looked toward the east, and lo, a host,
With clarion blast and martial step advanced:
Their emblems glittering in the early rays,
Their banner fluttering to the playful breeze,
The colors flashing forth, "Red, White, and Blue,"
Or, "Love, Purity, and Fidelity;"
And on their breasts I read, The Band of Sons.
They came with brilliant mien and voice of mirth:
Their cheeks had caught the tint of ripening peach:
Fresh from the summer home of gushing rills
And gorgeous gardens of the amaranth.
They bore with them a sense of purity,
As on they came, o'er hill and dell, and saw
The havoc that was made of homes and hearts,
And all of beauty marred in field and flower,
Till on the mountain-crest they stood, and viewed
The murmuring, murderous deep!

The stinted trees
Had never waved o'er scene like this, or shook
On emblems bright as these their lurid drops.
So many eyes intent on good, ne'er scanned,
At once, the seething lake; save, when angels
Came to the verge of heaven to look and weep!
Struck with alarm, the horrid reptiles plunged
Into the deep, as if from Erin's Saint.
The loathsome birds flew to the farther shore
And screamed. The leering Demases did quake
At sight so rare, and smote upon their breasts;
It boded danger to their craft, they feared.
Those at the Presses, too, all stood aghast:
Death's gaseous engines ceased a little space.
As if significant of final pause!

And there they stood—the brilliant Band of Sons;—
Surveyed the sickly scene from shore to shore.
As shining ranks might stand and view that Lake,
Whose "torment-smoke ascends forevermore."

They stood not long; for they were pledged to do;
To strike a blow at this unblushing vice,
From which it might no more revive; to work,
As those who hope to see their labor crowned.
Where their pioneers left off, they must begin;
From thence, by gradual vantage-steps ascend,
Until the source was won and quite destroyed.

They held it as a grievous wrong, nor men
Nor devils had the right upon the race
To palm; and heaven a penalty attached,
That countless cycles of intensest woe
Might ever pay, and ever see unpaid!—
Pourtrayed the beauty of a Tarnless world,
With sweet streams of health and pleasure flowing—
Its sons and daughters blooming for the skies;—
And all the votaries of the traffic heard.

They weekly met to teach to youthful ones
The Temperance creed, and fire them in the cause;
Improve their morals and their pliant minds.
A power, those sessions were, against the Tarn:
Reform was advocated there; and means
Devised, gave strength and speed unto the cause.—
Amusement there, of moral tone—debates,
On leading topics of our modern day,
And dialogues—the comic and sublime—
That gave to youth a manly confidence.

Beside them sat some of the fairer sex,
Their emblems bearing with exquisite grace,
And gave them cheer by smiles and sweet support—
As what good cause e'er lacks their soulful aid?—
Till patrons of the lake their vice forsook,
Enlisted in the "pure cold water" ranks,
Charmed with example so humane and true,
Such noble loveliness of heart and life;
For virtue's purity will e'er entice
Some votaries from the grovelling squads of sin.

And they had Presses, too, but not to kill—
Established with a great desire to cure— [forth,
Whence mounds of Temperance sheets were ushered
Devoted to the welfare of the cause,
And scattered in the thoroughfares of Tarn:
The Session acts did find a record there,
And went, "reporting progress," to the world.

Sessions, with the superb prefix of *Grand*,
As oft convened as members deemed discreet;
And lands remote sent forth their delegates,
Their brilliant talent and philanthropy,
To expatiate upon the glowing theme;
And resolutions were renewed, to make
More zealous effort in the cause devout.

Besiege "the powers that be" with prayers for aid,
Nor rest till law and right were on their side.

While I admired the faithful Band of Sons,
Their courage to combat this daring foe
Which most of earth and all of hell urged on,
And longed to see the brilliant ranks augment,
And hoped, but wondered, what the end might be,
I heard, far off, a silvery melody,
Like cadence of an angel jubilee;
And, towering, saw upon an emerald height,
A Temple, lit with glory of the sun.
Its portals oped, and issued forth a band,
With beauteous badges gleaming in the dawn,
And streaming banner borne on high; the words
Displayed were these, "Faith, Hope, and Charity."
They nearer came; the music rose and fell,
Then rose again, and seemed to blend with His,
Who writes it for the organs of the spheres.
The richest glow of health suffused their cheeks,
The purest freshness of the dewy hills,
And that peculiar sweetness all possess,
Who taste translucent streams, and vices shun.
A noble feature more; bands gliding on,
Of queenly female form, all pledged to aid
Their brothers in the cause philanthropic,—
In emblem, office, rank, the same as they.
I saw they were the bright "Good Templar Band,"
In two divisions, hastening to the Tarn!

And following close, a band of youthful ones,
With ringlets tossing in the zephyry air,
And in their cheeks, the dimples eddying; their eyes,
The lovely mirrors of their guileless hearts.
From temple arbors they had come; their guides
Of graver mien and more abounding years.
Their symbol was a Dove, with Olive Branch;
And on each breast, a tiny twinkling star,

A bird-like music warbling from their lips,
And bearing arbor flowers, they even advanced
Unto the margin of the raging lake,
Its billows breaking at their tiny feet.
In weakness, quite omnipotent, they stood,
The waves not having power to harm the pure.
They bore the title, "Band of Hope," methought
Full well applied; the country's hope, in truth,
Of such as these.
Now all the bands had come;—
Had met;—a concentrated host—to war
For God and man, and gain renown of both.
They shook each others' hands on brink of Tarn,
And gave fraternal welcome to the work.

Some of the traffic conclave shook their heads,
To see this raid on bacchanalian gains,
And thought the novel movement ominous
Of fall to money-heaping tendencies;
But there were those, like heathen giant stood,
And had defied the "sparkling water" hosts;
Reviled the Potentate who sent them forth,
Reviled and mocked the ruddy, stripling bands!

Canto X.—The Desperate Struggle.

NOT always in tempestuous roar is heard
The voice that most subdues the spirit's might:
Not all achievements great are those coerced;
Not always fields are won by sword and blood.
"Put up thy sword," earth's Conqueror gave command,
The secret of whose conquest-march is love:
No victory e'er like that, with swords transformed
To implements of husbandry;—the reign
Of sweet eternal peace.

So thought the Bands.
In this momentous work. The purple streams
Had flowed till earth was sick: the lake and all
The partners in its gains had dealt in blood;
Reversion only might secure success—
The use of weapons to the foe unknown;—
Entreaty, reason, faithfulness, and love,
These must be brought to bear—these must be proved.
If so the Legions of the Wrong, subdued,
May come and kneel before the potent shrine
Of Love, and worship in its sacristy!

The Bands in mind and motive were as one;
If differing in aught, 'twas formula.
They took their stations near the Tarn, and saw
And heard the Presses worked. The venders' craft
They saw;—saw all the evils of the trade.
And session doors were oped for all who would
To come and refuge take. They temples built
Like beacon-lights upon the towering cliffs,
Whose radiance streamed out on the foaming lake—
Out on the cities, too, inviting all
To shelter, safety, honor, life, and love.

And there were those sped round the Tarn, impeached
The liquid curse, and lauded streams pure from
The hand of God. And many heard; but more,
Like Syria's leprous officer enraged,
Turned quite away, and charged the brilliant Bands
With bringing "uproar" to their ancient towns,
And changing "customs" long revered. The Bands
Were not abashed. They held their cause to view:
Its dignity, its righteousness, approved
Of glorious heaven, and Him who sits enthroned.
The young were charmed, and came like cooing doves
Unto the ark; and friendly hands did take
Them in.
Their literature, in cards and sheets,

Was heaped where all might read and learn
The laws that guided them in toil sublime;
And from the presses went the journals out,
The organs of each concentrated Band,
And tidings were transmitted far and wide
Of vantage steps or retrograde; the joys
Of Abstinence, in health, and sanctity
Of hearth, home, heart, and all that renders blest:—
The woe indulgence brings—a withering train—
And urged for help; by all of pity, all
Of love, for bodies, souls of men, they urged
For help to stop the flow of deathly streams!—
Besought the lucre-loving Demases
To give the death-fraught traffic o'er—repent,
And clear their skirts of blood through boundless grace;—
Implored them day and night, with tears, no more
To mar in man his likeness to the God,
And fight against the destiny of worlds:
No more to send the fiends of Vice abroad
To poison grace and moral principles;—
Let Virtue's angels come and dwell instead.

Right faithfully they toiled, their cause to spread,
And crowned with good result. They changed their base
Anon, as fortune seemed to more invite:
Their emblems fluttering in the tinctured air,
Each brilliant movement marked by something won.

The concourse of the Tarn, the publicans,
Were all aroused: invasion such as this
Was most intolerant: to and fro they ran
And clamored of the theme. What must be done?
To summon all their hosts it was decreed:
Resistance unto death was virtue now.
They blew their clarion blasts and beat their gongs:
Fiends, forth from the caverns, shrieked, howled, and yelled,
Till all their Posses heard, and [illegible] as if
With rage of Tartarus!

Posse of the Sots—
Publican Posse—Posse of the Presses—
The brilliant Bands confronted,—bade them shew
Authority for raid, so novel to their shores,
Attack upon their rights so unprovoked;
Why were their gains assailed in manner thus?—
Their quietude disturbed, their patrons, too,
Impressed in ranks of wild adventurers?
Their children kidnapped from their prosperous homes;
Their traffic, honored well since early time,
Brought in dispute by mad enthusiasts;
Yea, threatened with extinction evermore,
And so, their source of wealth, the lake itself!—
To dry, forsooth! "Your bones will dry," they cried.
On our beloved shores! Those birds shall mock
Your groans; those trees wave o'er your fallen ranks;
Your emblems shall be dabbled in the lake!
And yet the lake shall live and lash its waves!
We stand, the champions of our dearest rights:
In our fraternal cause we boldly stand:
And here, by Lucifer and all the Fiends,
Advance one farther step—that act is fate!
This dawn begins the sad dusk of peril.
What say ye, of the lily lands? Speak on,
We wait your words!" The fiends and demons raised
A deafening shout.
"We wage no vulgar war,"
The leaders of the noble Bands replied:
"Our victories are not won by clash of arms,
But by the Spirit of the Right; and this,
Our sovereign warrant for the bloodless strife,
The Book we hold on high. To lift our race,
To elevate the moral man, our aim:—
To conquer appetite, and lust subdue,
And speed the reign of Justice, Truth, and Love!

We stand to veto vice; our purpose firm
As yon sky-crested hills, to dare and do.

We fear no carnal weapons ye may wield,
The God of Hosts has dulled them on His throne.
Your lake-pernicious bane to human ones—
The highway of our King upon its site
Shall be cast up, to speed the ransomed home.
Ye be but grovelling men; your traffic base:
Ye live by others' sorrow, death and woe;
Ye cannot look to God and reach the glass:
Ye cannot ask the wretched traffic blest:—
If lacking proof of guilt, behold it here!

'Twere better that no hostile arms ye lift
To hinder work divine—divine decree.
We see the Hand that waves us on, outreached
From yonder skies; and neath their loving folds,
Beside the waters bright, while worlds gaze on,
We vow to do what best we can to stop
This sordid gain to some—to others, death;—
And that with bounding hope of good success:
Right is omnipotent—it shall prevail;
In evening time there shall be light."

The Band of Hope was there, but said no words:
It sang its bird-like odes and held its flowers.

The Posses saw the Bands were valorous men.
That stormy words and menaces were vain
To daunt, or tempt to 'list in vulgar war;
Their policy the weapons of the Right
To wield, and permeate the mass with love
Of truth; the laws win to their side, and make
The weapons of the foe point to themselves.
They saw the pending danger to their cause.
To drown their gloomy bodings, for a time,
They ordered out a ponderous car—its name
Was Juggernaut—and empty casks they piled,
And broken vessels of the Tarn, therein;
Then, through the streets they drove and beat their drums.

And victims crushed beneath the wheels would shriek.
And men and fiends upraised their wild hurrahs
As if all Hades had met in serenade;
Till, near the portals of an antique dome
They stood, its dazzling splendor to survey
There, jewels from the crown of royalty,
And treasures rare in gilded drawers lay;
Rich furs and robes that sumptuous ones had worn,
Hung on the walls—some mourning costumes there!
And bridal rings, pearls, rubies, foreign gems,
All glittered there, with heaps of golden coins
It was the Broker's shop; and these the Pawns—
Its sign three massive golden bells. They viewed
The mansion well, its most unrighteous wealth.
And then returned in manner as they came:
Their frequent act, this riotous display.

The traffic still went on; more desperate grew
The men, when now their cause foreshadowed fall
As ranks grew thin more effort was required.
Fictitious names they gave to that in which
They dealt.—"Cream of the Valley," "Lemonade,"
"Delicious Dews,"—these pretty epithets
Applied to subtle poison—investing
Death with charms; and many were the dupes.
The serpent, Novelty, the young beguiled,
And some, won by the brilliant Bands, returned!

Their revels, too, were kept around the lake:
Their midnight banquets drew the pleasure-throngs.
And there they pledged with fiery drops of Tarn
To oppose the deep-detested Temperance Bands:
And plots were laid and fiendish orders given,
Amid the clang and clatter of the wares.

I saw the malice of the men was deep:
Determined was their mien—their words and acts.
I saw their wealth, their hold on power,

The influence flowing [illegible]ealth can e'er command;
The Bands, indeed, [illegible]et gigantic foes,
The hostile hosts of [illegible] towering sons,
Their only hope, that [illegible] upholds the right.
Methought I heard this anthem in the sky:
"The chariots of God are twenty thousand,
Even thousands of angels; His horsemen,
Two thousand thousand," speeding on before:
"Ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands
Of thousands," His army, when in array!

The noble Bands their holy zeal renewed:
They built white mansions on the slopes of Tarn.
Inns, beside those the Demases had reared,
But not like theirs with maddening dregs defiled:
No [illegible]ion from the lake e'er entered there,
But goblets filled from sparkling springs, instead.
And here were lodgings, viands, richest fruit,
With social cheer and healthful literature;
Apartments vocal with sweet songs of birds
From foreign climes, fragrant with breath of flowers.
Enchanting shades! both mind and body blest.

Reform was brought before the public mind
In ways diverse; and that in fervent hope,
The means might all converge at this one point—
To rob the giant vice of power and place.

I noted artists gliding to and fro,
Who brought their cameras to bear upon
The dupes that wallowed in the mire of Tarn,
Producing photographs; in sober mood,
Perchance, the loathsome sight might aid reform.
Yea, took the lake—the crimson mist—the birds
With downless necks—the weeping trees—the beasts—
The Demases behind their coffers leering—
The Presses at their guilty toil—the rills—

The fiends and ghosts—the concourse, death and doom—
The whole accursed scene!—it might appall.

A day drew near when polling booths would ope.
And suffrages be asked by candidates
For legislative fame;—all active then;
The brilliant Bands, to aid return of those
Pledged to repeal Tartarean Law;—their foes,
To aid who would the same perpetuate.
Those days were wont to dawn through all the realms,
As Congress, Cortes, Senate, State, decreed:—
My view restricted to Acadia's land;—
The object of her hopeful sons, to stop
The Presses hers, and thus her subtle rills,
And haste the brilliant day when all would cease.

Might this not be the dawn of Freedom's morn
To myriads bound with bacchanalian chains?
Might not the toil of pure benevolence
At length be crowned with glorious reward?
Such hope had they who toiled for such result:
They compassed cities, towns, enlisting strength:
Besought the populace to speak for Right
In pending contest, life and death-befraught.
By love of kindred lives so long enslaved,
By hope to see their cankering fetters fall,
Record their suffrages in tempest-tones
That earth may hear through all her aisles, and bless,
And heaven with all its dazzling hosts applaud,
While demons swoon before their sweltering thrones.

The Posses let no idle moments speed:
They rallied strength not heretofore possessed.
And kept all doubtful suffragans inflamed
With potions from the lake; and vaunted wealth.
The coffers of the poor would groan with gold:
For acqueducts would turn, and hose would pour
The streams of Tarn into their cottage homes.

And all might vend!—so they but keep the power—
The rightful lords of earthly rule. The Bands
Abashed, would soon retire from public view,
No more to rally round their conquered flag;
The traffic, flourish till the blasts of doom:
The lake, till final fires did it ignite.

The time had come to test the rival strength.
With omen ill to virtuous cause, it came:
Red lightenings flashed athwart the troubled sky,
And thunders bellowed through the riven vault:
Contending tempests met in air, and shapes
Like battle-hosts, with brandished weapons smote.
While sundered helmets rolled across the sky,
And shivered shields went gleaming off in space,
And aërial squadrons belched incessant smoke.—
Rain torrents pouring from the clouds the while.
The conflict raged till from meridian height
The glorious sun looked forth; then all was calm,
As Righteousness shall look on saintly world.
Above the din was heard distinct, by those
Contending for the cause of God and man,
"A still small voice," with cheering words, "Be strong!"

A clamorous day; the strife went on no less,
That elements were striving too;—riots, blows—
Extremes contending with extremes. It closed
The lightning messengers came flashing in;—
Adverse results for those imploring right!
The Posses won the day, numerically,
And sent the major staff to legislate
For Wrong!—the Tarn, the laws, perpetuate!

Then was there joy for vicious ones, and shouts—
A Babel demonstration through the streets:
From sight so sickening, sounds so vulgar, vile,
I turned; two senses wished oblivious,
Until the din and deep disgust were o'er.

Methought, had demons cast their torches in
Plantations of the skies, and fired Life's Trees.
They had not clamored so!

The "still small voice"
E'er whispered to the Bands, "Hope on! Be strong!"

Methought, had all the fund of latent strength
Professing right, availed in pending cause,
Reversed had been the balances—the Wrong
Deep down.

I noted churches o'er the land,
With towering spires, and gilded weather-vanes
Which pointed to the cardinals of heaven;
Their doors were shut six mortal days!—silent
As mausoleums of death, amid the woes of Tarn—
Strife, vice and utter sordidness of men—
Ope'd on the seventh, and not again till seventh!
Were they the prisons of eternal truth,
Confined lest dying men should hear and live?—
The solemn mockeries of their righteous thirst?
Or, were attendant angels there enlocked,
Till seven days hence their aid would be required?
Must vice run curbless six successive days,
And only on the seventh receive a check?
Why not the doors on every day wide thrown,
Inviting weary ones to gospel rest,
Tumultuous throngs to hear the words of peace?

Why not the Tarn denounce from day to day?—
Gigantic bane to all of moral growth:
Why dwell not on the glowing Temperance Cause,
And sweetly urge its sacred claims on all?—
Next to redemption's theme in priceless worth—
Some lives, perchance, on boisterous lake imperiled,
Might float into the church's quiet heaven!
Those silent bells! I know that they must chime
Each day, ere all shall hear and come to Zion!

Where are the priests of God? Are they not men
To go before their flocks more days than one
In seven?—to keep the heavenly lenses clear,
That men may look to hills delectable—
Allured from sad tendency to grovel.

I could but think, if all the priests of God
Were in the Bands, in saintly phalanx joined,
To cheer and aid them in the righteous toil;
If silent Churches were no more, but doors
Thrown wide, that men in weekly days might hear
The glories of the cause—the cause, ere now,
Had triumphed!
Yet, not in vain the toil of love:
The Bands were verging on to victory;
Their principles in public mind had grown:
Reform, as patent as the sun's career;
The paths of Tarn not beaten as before;
The concourse not so dense; for thousands had
Returned unto their homes, from vice reclaimed!
The lake, in naught diminished, save demand.

Canto XI.—The Thrilling Appeal.

ALL law is subject to repeal, save that
Which moves the vast worlds in peerless order.
And that other law of grace which saves them;
Even these, when mightier good, the great result.
As when, at word of Israel's chieftain Guide
The sun full stopped his chariot in heaven;
The moon, illustrious compeer, her silvery car
Made fast; the King of day, the Queen of night,
Both stood—stupendous pause!—to look on right,
And for her glorious triumph grant more space.

As, when the horologe of Judah's king
Had told the final hour, his mournful face
"Turned to the wall, he prayed and sorely wept."
His rule was righteous; and the pending cause
Demanded life like his. Jehovah heard,
Revoked His own decree;—spared was the man—
A long behest of years in supplement,
The interests of his kingdom to subserve:—
Upon the royal dial-plate the sign.

As when, against the Assyrian capital,
Antique and great, whose sins reached up to God,
The truant prophet cried, "Yet forty days,
And then the overthrow." And there was heed;
The king came from his costly throne and sat
In embers, a royal, fasting suppliant;
His subjects, too, bemoaning sin, until
Relenting God exclaims, "Shall I not spare?"
And from that city on the Tigris shore,
Shall stand up thousands in the last assize—
The subjects of that one Divine repeal—
Against the heathen hosts of Christendom,
Who hear the "greater Prophet" preach, nor heed
The Word that pleads for temperance and truth.

If, then, a law divine may be repealed
By Him whose every law is just and good,
Nor needeth change, but that a bright display
Of clemency eternal may reach the doomed,
Whose life would bring more glory than their death.
May not our human laws, tremendous oft,
Or such of them as license grievous wrong,
Be quite expunged and rendered obsolete?
Does not the nation's weal demand that such
Should be; and reason loudly urge the claim?
Should not the rightful, Cromwell-like, invade
The sanctums where the vicious laws exist,
Disperse them wide, and say, "Give place to better!"

'Twas thus the royal Persian thought;—the vaunt
Through his ancestral line, "unchanging law,"
This thing exempt from touch of mutable;—
When once a cruel mandate he reversed,
Which offered yawning death a mammoth feast
The Jewish nation at a meal! and right
Brought repeal in way omnipotent—
A helpless female venturing life!
And mark;
The wrong which well nigh brought such fatal end,
Began in rash request of him, the king,
When quite insane with wine!

The Bands of Temperance would not lie inert:
Adversity but tests our moral strength;
The only effort that is crowned; and zeal
Will stem the tide that covers the supine.
Their hope reduced to this, by firm appeal,
To move the sympathies of ruling ones
In favor of earth's suffering cause; they yet
Might hear and frame a Law Prohibitive;
For change in elements political
Is sudden, oft, as in the natural;
And nought but this might much avail. Deprive
The Princes of existence, the stealthy rills
Would cease, and so the lake—its tributes gone:
And men, at once, begin to live as they
Had lived, had it not been; for none long wish
For that 'tis quite impossible to have.
Might not the servile sons of Tar[illegible] rise,
Beneath the broad blue sky of heaven, exult
In freedom sudden, sure, as that which broke
From Russian serfdom, the hard cold fetters?
Or that of dusky sons on sister shores
Long bound and bartered, when torn off the chains
That made them chattels, they stood forth *men!*
They longed the day to see when vice would hold
No dupes in thrall; but all rejoice in life,

And blessings e'er designed to constellate
Around it. This emboldened them to dare
Appeal so urgent in the righteous cause;
And they had precedent—both God and man.

To frame appeals they all made haste; each Band
A bold appeal; in word, somewhat diverse,
In sentiment, purport, prayer, the same.
The substance of the prayerful documents
Was this:

"To the Gentlemen, Honorable, of Legislative
Assembly, Members, convened in Session:

This sheweth humbly.
That we have long beheld with sorrow deep
The awful ravages upon our race
Of the obnoxious Tarn; its evils more
Than we can tell,—than Time can ever tell
To worlds astonished; Eternity, itself,
Must take the theme and read unto the end;—
How crime and indigence go hand in hand,
Their courses marked with bitter wail and woe,
And strewn with millions prematurely dead!—
How guilt, broadcast, its poisonous seed
Disseminates through all the God-made world,
Until each valley, hill, is rank with bloom
Ne'er planted, nurtured, by the Hand divine—
A strange repulsive grove, as might extend
Back from the lurid borders of the pit,
Far up the seething sulphuretic vaults,
Whence voice of crime and words profane are borne!
How men are lured until undone! No gain
Of gold or grace is gain to them; the more
Of public wealth, the more of private want;
More hire, the more resort unto the Tarn,
And then the ruin.—Strange anomaly,
That plenty should produce more paupers!—

Law and order in reverse; blessings turned
To dire anathemas; all made corrupt:—
Hatred, envy, reigning; till war and blood
Their thrones surround; and taxes, those vultures
Of the nation, on the vitals feasting.—
Disease affecting every human bud;
Fragile ones, like autumn leaflets, falling;
Falling, the more mature, in way unblest;—
A hopeless mental pestilence abroad,
Till calls are made for homes of lunacy,
And city sites are dotted o'er with these:
And other homes abound, where sullen ones
Toil out their penal servitude, or clank
The chains that bind them to the deeper cells—
And all upheld by revenue;—the Tarn
The greater cause!—

The world-wide moral blight,
The flowers of grace not blooming well, where fog
And virus of the Tarn, the air and soil
Deep saturate. The march of gospel peace
Obstructed; and Zion's watchmen warning,
'A sword! A storm!' but few to hear or heed:
The mass, in stupor, stumbling round the Tarn!—
Lights all along the coasts of Christendom,
To shew where dangers lie; yet thousands strike
Upon the rocks, and faith is wrecked and lost:
They drift along that eternal passage,
'No drunkard heaven's kingdom shall inherit!'

Thus, 'tis plain that nature, grace, are thwarted
In their design; man's two destinies reversed,
That which relates to Time and Evermore!
Oh, power confused! that makes creation clash,
Sets discord on the whirling globe, and bids
It make all objects, good and bad, collide!
Oh, monstrous foe of man! which gives to Death
Full half his quivers, and bids him shoot them

At the race, from ambush of the drooping trees,—
The graves in readiness, and so the doom!

This, the grievance that we bring before you,
Men, most honorable, of the country's laws.
This law we long have mourned, which tolerates
The bane, gigantic—the Tartarean lake!—
And that, in Christian land, with crimson cross
High towering to the throne, where Christ, the Son,
Possession took of this far distant world
In name of Sovereign God, baptized its soil
With blood, and raised the monument for all
To see, and hither come for glorious crowns!—
A more than Mecca pilgrimage,—this blest
With sure reward, "Behold and live!"—The Book,
The Volume of the Mind, Inscrutable,
Whose pages angels never scanned, wide oped
To men, that simplest ones may read, nor err;
And yet, the lake but laughs and mocks at all,
And dashes waves at the pure face of heaven!—
Its influence such as counteracts the good
That would on earth be done—and that it knows
Our effort vain, we see; the law and power
Are with our foes, and they are well content.

Twould, therefore, to your humble suppliants' minds
Reduce the sad amount of crime and sin,
Of want and woe, disease and death, which wide
Infest the earth, and wither human life;
Conduce more to the general joy, the weal
And happiness of all that live, the march
Of science, art, to perfect destiny,
Of man, unto his stature full, in grace,
Of earth, when it may quite compare with heaven,
If this destructive deep were dried! this blot
Upon the landscape view of God; this bane
That tinctures life with poison; steeps the soul

In death, ne'er ended, but ever dying!—
If it were banished—poured into oblivion!

And we invoke your aid, ye 'powers that be,
In motive so humane. Grant us a Law,
A Law, Prohibitive; we ask no less;
No less will satisfy the world's demand,
No less, the Power enthroned, by whom ye rule.
An earnest cry comes from the earth, that 'law
Should cherish right, a terror to the wrong';
That voice has pealed through heaven since ere the stars
Of morn began their song, or ere the shout
Of spirits glad, the slumbering silence woke
Of new-created worlds; and conscience strikes
The theme, that 'law should issue join with right'
The which, in major instances, 'tis firm to do:
All crying vices meet prompt enactment,
Excepting that, most fruitful of them all.
To legislate unto the brink of Tarn
And there to stop, is the legal limit:
Its serpents hiss in face of all reform,
Its crimson torrents flow, its human freight,
Bearing to abyssmal hell, and law recedes,
Its jurisdiction comes to fancied bounds;
Tis false; law, as extended as all crime:—
Deplorably absurd! to license that
Which leads to laws' infringement, then exact
The dues—imprisonment or death!—Are there
No criminals, save who bear the sad repute?

Ye see the justness of the claim, its hold
On reason's throne, on robe of righteousness,
And on the spotless plumes of mercy's wing:
Grant us the Law that quells this raging vice.
We pledge the world a smiling happy face!

Nature, through all her living realms, protests
Against this blotch upon her beauteous brow.

This base-intruder on a world's delight.
She mourns the globe far more unfortunate
Than any hung in space, with light illumed,
Seen far away, from ambient skies, across
The emerald fields of God:—of seraphim
And saint, the holy wonder.—Starry spheres
Without a spot, all blazing pure; no Tarn
To mar their face or shock celestial view!
This, in the galaxy, full half obscured,
And struggling with eclipse that never ends,
Far more appalling to angelic gaze
Than silvery moon to ours, when blemished with
The deepest shadow of the gloomy earth:—
They turn away their eyes from this and sigh!
Hear ye then, the plaint of Nature's voices,
And bless her with a law to elevate
To brilliant standing of the sister worlds:
That when globes shall convocate, this may stand
A pearl to glitter in the sight of God.

Most righteous men, with blended voice, implore
Suppression of this giant vice, which meets
In way of all reform, in duty's way,
And bids them stand!—And this would seem enough
The claim to recommend—that they who 'learn
At feet of Him who taught as never man',
And hold commune with heaven, and sacred things,
'Lights of the world'—that they should importune
For legal aid to turn the vicious tide,
As with the voice of one!
More proof required?
Behold it here: that dupes of Tarn, themselves,
Declare their wish to see expelled the source
Of their disgrace! 'Stop its dire flow', say they,
'We stand reclaimed: but let it still exist,
Our rendezvous, our fathers' rendezvous—
The place where first they led us by the hand,
And seemed it to our youthful minds a spot

Enchanted; where habit grew to very life,
A mad Sahara thirst, which must be quenched
While there the liquid flows; and law provides,
And tempts us to the act—let it exist,
We must but drink! drink in the face of death!
Drink, though our wild eternal cry be *Drink!*

No argument like this, when wrong uplifts
Against itself a voice, and sues for help,
For hand humane, in coveted reform.
And shall it sue in vain?—look to the source,
With bleeding eyes, whence emanate the laws
To see not one it fain would see—not one
Adapted to its helpless case? Pity,
O pity ye the men, the fallen ones,
Whose strength, proportioned to the task, would rise,
But wait their lack supplied by your devoir.
That they have lost the level of the race,
Their likeness to the gods, despoiled, is nought.
The power that made them thus ye little know
For nature's mad excess, who may describe
A limit? Has man more boast than demon,
But that 'tis grace inclines his acts aright?
Not thus diverted, stampede more beastly
Than that of ruminants, of all his lusts,
Takes place—unto its own besetment, each,—
The votaries of Tarn the most abundant:
There they are held—their thirst, the thirst of death!
Be censure ever mute, while pity cries,
Nor chide their fall so infamous; but ask,
Is theirs the greater sin? Enough, they call!
High heaven has heard that call, and marked it there;
And ye will hear that thrilling call again:
In dreadful day, with all the worlds ablaze,
That call ye all will hear, with highest joy
Or deepest grief, as now ye hear and heed!

From latest province of our New Domain,

There comes a voice, a Manitoban cry,
For help against the devastating Tarn.
Hark, its brave Chieftain speaks!—his auditor
The Representative of Majesty—*
The words are these: 'Let Sitchi Manitou—
The Lord Almighty—be invoked, that plague
Of Tarn be from my people e'er withheld,—
Most fruitful cause of trouble, suffering, death:
Prevent the wicked traffic with my race,
Nor let it come by gift—all will be well!'

'All will be well,'—the deadly Tarn destroyed!
Philosophy our sages civilized,
Tarn would well become to teach and boldly urge.
It augurs well for future greatness, this,
The first request of infant Government,
Launching on new career, 'Dry up the Tarn!'
Most noble Chief! Blush, all savage Christians,
Before the Christian-savage!

Gone, the mass
Of all the tribes; left, only residues.
Not vocal now with wild ancestral song,
The forest hills and margins of the lakes:
The rustic tents, the languid smoke, the lights
Which shone back from the dwellings of our race,
As if to guard—not there. Faint echoes in
The hunting grounds; their veterans far away;
Not roaming through Elysian gaming vales—
Each tree a harp Æolian, blending sounds
Of sweetest harmony, where legend says
The souls of all who love 'Great Spirit' dwell—
But gone! diminished by the red man's bane.
Not strange, the 'brave' should sadly look upon
The fast receding few and ask removed
The scourge! Shall he not have such right request?
This voice hath weight. Perchance no province e'er

* Ex-Governor Archibald.

Began so high; sublime, its earliest cry:
Hearken and grant the boon—'all will be won.'

This, the loud chorus of the world; the [illegible]
Of sight and sound;—objects, purest, basest.
Poverty, from its squalid haunts implores;
Crime, its blood-stained hands uplifts and clamors
Discord, its raven-pinions flaps and screams
Desolation, in the holy places cries;
Death, panting with excess of toil, invokes
For Law Prohibitive;—'all will be well.'

Mothers, for their fallen sons beseeching
Children, for their cruel sires entreating;
Widows, for their lost ones sore bewailing;—
A ceaseless groaning, a constant calling,
Give us the Law that saves—'all will be [illegible]'

Wealth, quite diverted to the wrongful side
Its influence to establish vice, deep lay
The throne of base iniquity in earth:
What it should further most in sad decline—
Sordid Demases, becoming bankers;
Keepers of the Temperance Inns, insolvent!
This hath a voice to cry, Repeal, Repeal
The ghosts of drunken dead shriek out Repeal!
The mighty chorus strikes the throne of God!—
'Earth, earth, earth,' how long, ere shall come the gift?

By all the ruin, moral, physical,
That rolls, a dreadful deluge through the earth;
By fear of waves the winds shall backward bear,
Burthened with the sighs of broken-hearted,
The piteous wails of beggared innocents,
And curses of the dying dupes of Tarn,
On you reflecting the dark, the woful cause:—
By utter wretchedness of mortal man,
The withering blight, and doom and death of all

By price of purchased souls, and by their loss!—
Give us the Law—the Law Prohibitive!

As ye would view the world to life restored,
Upstarting to its glorious destiny;
As ye would see it free and pure—yourselves,
The benefactors of the race—and stand
At tribune of the globes with conscience clear,
Look upward to the eternal Ruler's face,
Avow your delegations well discharged,
And hear this plaudit from His throne, 'Well done!'—
Grant our request—a Law Prohibitive—
The blessing ours; the crowning glory yours:
And we will ever pray, &c."

The documents were all despatched, with prayers
For their success; and thousands looked their way
Along, with earnest eyes and hopeful hearts,
As city spent with siege might look for dawn
That brings deliverance.
Signs, ominous, I saw.
Around and in the lake. Appearances,
Like fleshless human hands, anon would rise
From out its reeking filth, and wave aloft,
With shaking noise like bones the prophet saw
And there the shadows of the dwarfish trees,
Like fallen legions reaching for redress,
Upon its face, did seem,—lengthening ever.
The pyramids put on a ghastlier glow;
And from a silvery cloud, in firmament,
A shining hand came forth, therein a roll;
And these the words and sentences I caught:
"Redness of eyes."—"Mixed wine."—"Strong drink.
raging."—
"Wine."—"Wounds."—"Like a serpent biteth."—
"Drunken."—
"Woe to them."—"Contentions."—"Babblings.—
"Sorrows."—

Stingeth like an adder."—"Wine, a mocker."—
Judgment to come."—"Bottle."—and "Lake of fire."
Upon another fold, in bold relief:
Cup of cold water."—"Do it unto me."—
Deliver us from ill."—"Thy neighbor love."—
Into temptation, lead us not." "Temperance."—
Law, a terror to the evil doers;
To them that do well, a praise."—"Brother's way."
A stumbling block."—"Offence."—"Rule righteously."
Justice."—"Mercy."—Truth."—"Faith."—"Hope."
"Charity."—
Blessed of my Father."—"Eternal Life!"

The fiends and furies roared the while; a shriek
Tremendous, ran through all the life of Tarn—
Gigantic monsters, as from nether deep,
Half stranded there, pollution blew in air!

Canto XII.—The Partial Success

IMPERFECT, all perfection, at the first
A gradual growth is that to excellence,
And atoms multiplied produce the Alps.
The earth itself, long wrapped in nucleus fit
Nor moulded right, but formless, verdureless,
A sea profound, an oscillating mass,
Where towering fragments float, more orderless
Than icebergs in the arctic deep, or fall
With bellowing crash that echoes evermore.
Submerged; the circles pulsing on to find
No shore! Each "day"—embracing ages long
Advanced another stage the mighty frame,
Until it towered complete, with life and bloom
And man, in arbor stood, beside his God.

A crystal bubble rises far away
In deep-surrounding shade; scarce blest with light
Or solar smile, it flows for leagues, a rill—
Nought but a tiny rill. Behold it now,
Expanded to a brook, a merry brook,
And further on, a river's broad expanse—
Mississippi or Amazon—with sails
Of commerce fluttering there, the verdant coast
Beyond reach of human sight, unaided.

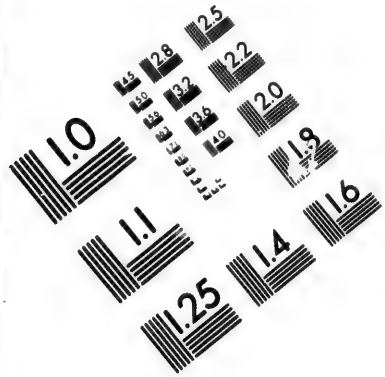
And thus, the world for which we look, "the new"
Shall rise—not in a day, but grade by grade,
Extending through the ages; virtue's streams
Augmented by the rills of right, until
Earth looms a sparkling reservoir of light.

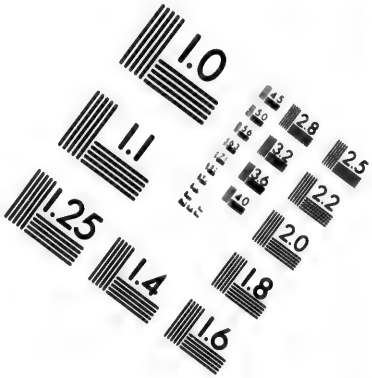
Each martial step, held, brings victory nearer;
Each rightful step hastes the final glory.

The documents arrived; were laid with those
Of vastly less import:—A prayer that tax
Be levied on the canine race, henceforth—
A prayer to stop destruction of the beasts,
The forest game.—Rare birds import from far
And urgent calls for Acts Incorporate,
For feeble towns, and feeless companies:—
These, heaped promiscuously with those which plead
For men, and for their souls! But they were read;
Considered in their turn, with warm debate.

Truth hath effulgence; beams with light so broad
Some lack the skill, full in the blaze, their eyes
To ope, and say it wrong. With glance oblique,
That bears them by, some escape the dazzle:
Impeach with word, while looking quite beyond:
Traits full blown in men—rulers unexempt.

There were who argued "tardiness of time;





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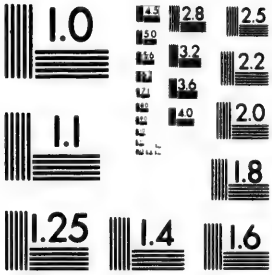

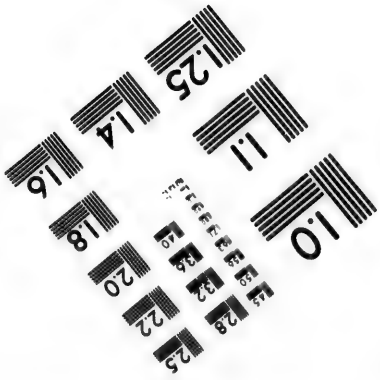

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Change succeedeth change, empires have their day,
The wave e'er urges on the wave advanced;
But slow-revolving time, not yet had brought
The day to shout full victory o'er the Tarn,
Or chant its dirge. An institution set
In British soil, and by her sons beloved,
Custom-honored, guarded by her far-famed laws—
To bring at once to nought, it were not meet;
'Twould have its sway; till ripe for final fall—
Legislation might approach and touch it then!
That 'twere a vice, they freely would admit;
For God and Right proclaimed it so; and facts
Were patent too—witness, their consciences;—
But such as might not then be met with check,
Or Law Prohibitive!"

The hackneyed cry was raised again, by some,
"The revenue! What will uphold the revenue?
The traffic in the Tarn makes ample chest
For public want; and is discreetly sent
In blessings through the land, in spread of lore,
In bold inventive art, in college dower,
In pleasant streets, in structures spanning streams,
And in the sacred cause, wide spreading grace;—
As noonday clear, the thing so much assailed,
'Gainst which all creeds and classes find a voice
To plead, and brand it as earth's direst curse—
Is that which aids the world to Christianize!
The day which sees the mighty traffic ceased,
Its duties banished from the public safe,
Shall gaze on other sights—on bankrupt realms."

And some would tremble for the healing art,
Were Law Prohibitive to take effect.
"The gifts, medicinal, possessed by Tarn,
None might deny,—a creature good—a spa
Sublime, the glad resort of impotents,
Where step agile, and ruddy glow were found;

Were meditative men, pathologists,
Drew deeply from its fount, and tinctured with
Its life, their drugs, desired effect to give.
No antidote for human ills, like this;
Nought else, beneath the sun, take rank instead.
Nature's laboratory deprive of place,
At discount, then, the Faculty—as well
Hygeian law—and world-wide malady
Its reign inaugurate.—
And more, the 'blood,'
How would ye symbolize the blood, once shed,
With dying charge, 'This do in memory?'
Dispense with half the Supper of the Lord,
The wine his righteous hands held forth, would ye?—
Accept the flesh and thrust the blood away?
O, sad perversion of the Sacrament!
This holdeth well for Tarn till time's demise,
The want of wine for holy purposes."

Others arose, and in their place, declared,
"They could not see the sin. If men forsook
All self-restraint, and gave to appetite
The rein, to dash away in death-career,
Theirs was the sin; not in the Tarn, or yet
On heads of those who tolerate. Pervert
The food the bounteous earth supplies, excess
Of ills the certain due.—Not in the use,
But rash abuse, of gifts, where peoples err.
This, Reason's right, to mark the healthful bound,
Measure the mess and gage the draught, for man.
This fault the documents possessed—they were
O'erdrawn;—the vices shown in tinted light,
The virtues screened, or deeply dashed with shade,
As all enthusiasts, to do, were wont."

'Twas thus they spake who would perpetuate
The Tarn—engrave its woe in human hearts:
And they had auditors unseen; legions

"Of dire malicious fiends" would cleave the air
And nod assent; demons laid their sceptres down
To catch the cadences from earth; and pause
Tremendous reigned amid the ebon thrones.
Eternity beheld the novel sight—
A quiet hell!
The Law Prohibitive
Had advocates; bold legislative men,
Firm for the truth, they stood compact as walls
Of adamant, and held their manhoods dear:
To arguments advanced they gave dissent;
The first promulged, the first to meet reply.

"When vice had won a universal name,"
They held, "'twas ripe for fall—its day should set.
'Twere imbecile to tolerate a bane,
Palm it, worse for years, on sons succeeding,
To wait its natural fall by hoary age.
The Lethean lake, alas, had ample day,
Nor could immortal eras e'er discharge
The work of its sad day! Man ne'er should looked
On vice in bloom; this sight not made for him—
Small privilege of spirits lower lost.
Ever to lop, eradicate, and make
Its downfall premature, his task, God-given:
Nor that the foremost throne in wisdom, wealth,
Had built an altar to the turbid Tarn
And bid its sons do homage there, full proof
That it should evermore abide. When drift
Of public sentiment, direct, complete,
Would beat against the fabric, then its fall;—
Delay, that forces, Will and Work unite.
Two grievous sins had marred the Albion soil—
Her human manacles, her Tarn-built shrine;
But soon the fetters from her coast she spurned,
And, wondrous sufferance, that other lived—
Twin monsters, that should have died together!—
Lived, to crowd earth's death-register with names:

Lived, to swell perdition's ponderous roll;
And this, the birthright of her loyal sons,
To cherish zeal for glorious mother-land,
Display our filial love, by trampling on
Her greatest bane and ours. Perchance, 'the joy
To see her children walking in the truth,'
May rouse her in the van; and we shall tower
As men, by righteousness and God approved.
'Approach and touch, when sere with time,' would ye?
Deal out on falling foe unmanly stroke,
Nor think your courage compromised? Or touch,
As ancient custom was, the shrouded corse,
That after-sight no chiding glimpse might catch
From the dead face?—No, no, eternal NO!—
Attack the vice in its terrific prime;
When spreading, raging most, then wield the blow
A blow to breed Reform, a blow that Tarn
Through all its depths shall feel, and helpless lay,
Its subtle spirit gone!—that such may be,
List to the cry of our constituents,
And give them what they would, a Law to aid:
It is their righteous due—the day has come."

"Respecting revenue, frail words are yours;
The scourge of man removed, immensely less
The public need. This calls for revenue,
In want and wretchedness it sends abroad.
Earth's wealth, diverted to its rightful source,
Would make each home an ample revenue,
Involve the public calls, or make them rare.—
Nor meagre, then, the common treasury;
An impulse new to commerce would arise,
More healthful traffic make more fund-reserve,
This hindrance to the world's career destroyed.
Of the unrighteous gain, it nought imports,
That part may go to righteous cause; the ill
That wins the mite, a thousand-fold destroys
Its good;—pure crowns not won by price of blood:

But honest wealth shall haste millennial morn;
And mountain summits flame with sacred sheen,
Than Dothan's chariot fires, more brilliant far,
When aërial hosts encamped.—

Behold, even now,
Insolvent lands; by waning Tarn, not such,
But by its waxing might. Sad revenue
Hath it; full treasury of want, of riven hearts
And death,—maniacs, by that which made them so.
Upheld—the casket kept by demons fierce,
Vile pledge of their despotic government.
And ye would keep alive the curse-crowned trade,
Deep fertilize with human bones and blood,
And cast in treasury the guilty price,—
Than murderous Jews far more unscrupulous!
Nay, but soul-abhor the extorted gain,
And make the general banks and coffers pure,
Nor owe our telegraphs and iron steeds
In part, to children's bread, and lives wrung out.
Health, and wealth of light and love, the revenues
We're here to represent; let all have these,
The chances more, of revenue in heaven;
Our's the gift to impart, while millions wait."

"Unfounded jealousy, unfaithful fear,—
'A Tarnless world, a world of invalids,
Wooing death on knee acute—hopeless all?'—
Not unless approved the vague theory,
What will cause disease will effect its cure:
Fear, more befitting, such the end shall be,
Its reign prolonged—the verging shadow, this.
As this, has nought so much curtailed life's span,
Lopped the inches from our height, injected
Virus in the nation's bone, scrofula,
World-o'er, on 'children's children,' ranker grown;
Unnerved the arm, made weak the will, life's 'harp,'
Discordant, low, of half its 'strings' bereft;—

Humanity, on steep degenerate grade.
Where are the giants now, that stalked the earth?—
The men of might, whose step would brush aside
Earth's shortened race, as insects undiscerned,—
Exalted head; on level with the stars
Their gaze?—Behold in catacombs their forms!
In silent cities 'neath the lava-flood,
Or in the graves of orient, their shapes!
Where are the dwarfs? Not there, their natal skies,
But here, beside the blighting Tarn, their home!—
So numerous, their novelty's in decline.
Hence, unjust its vaunted sanatory parts;
That virtue lives in deadly vice, absurd;
It sends in throngs its impotents away,
Nor ever gave, or can, a healthful glow;
But flush of burning brain and boiling blood,
As arsenic, in potions miniature, imbibed,
Gives beauteous tint—death, pending on a grain!
A futile plea, the Faculty are wont
This superstitious relict to preserve,
And mix with drugs for superstitious men,
Who learned to lisp its virtues in their creed,
And loved the carnal creed they lisped.
Admit it virtue, as a poisonous drug,
Why not, as such, restrict? its shelf assign,
Nor place in hands unskilled the deadly bane,
Dispensing wide, while thousands rashly fall:
What more hath need of cautious label?
Deprive of rank amid created things,
The better deed; being, it needeth not,
Else He who made and fashioned all beside,
Had made it at the first, and called it Health.

And may not men the use of wine eschew
In sacrament of Him who died, and yet,
Partake most worthily? Is virtue there
Till consecrate, and hallowed by the deed?
A vagrant at the board, would it to him

Be blood?—the heart, that gives it sacred health.
What more installed it agent at the first,
Than custom gave it place at eastern meals?
Is not unfermented juice of our wild fruit—
The crimson bounty of our summer fields,
Untinctured by the pungency of Tarn—
More chaste, and worthy the older to supplant?
Or, fittest substitute, the pearly drops,
In Nature's cistern sparkling;—what so pure?
Did not the water, with the blood, course down
From latest wound of Deity transfixed?
Both witnesses of life divine in man.
Does it not flow fast by the throne of God,
And 'make the Upper City glad?' Angels,
If need the rite to observe, in memory
Of Him they lent to death that man might live,
Would fill their goblets from the Eden-streams,
And why not we?—Water, of grace the sign;
Wine, of guilt! 'Water shall spring up to life'—
'Let him that thirsteth come';—but wine to death.
Cast foibles all aside and faith present;
It makes meet the element, else where would end
The moral maze:—

Did hands, most holy, break
To sorrowing ones unleavened bread, or leavened?
Doubts, in favor of the first; the latter
Always used.—Why not the Eucharist, in haste
Partake, with staff in hand, and form erect,
As, in that from which descent is claimed?—Or,
The moral law from slabs of stone recite?—
Why not 'ministered, that other ordinance,
By men in camel's cloth, and girdle-girt,
Their regimen the forest-fruit, as he
Who first baptised?—Thus, *ad infinitum*.

The fluid God pours down our own bright hills.

In sacrament, will He no less regard
As done to Him, nor one day challenge cause."

"Alas, for eyes by wilful cataract dimmed!
'The evils of the trade ye cannot see',—
Its globe-wide ravages—abundant pelf
The motive-power; that, held by publicans,
Men, looking, grasping for your purse, not you,
By sordid instinct taught where lie the coins,
Kin to Milton's Mammon, whose eyes prone down,
Were wont to rivet on the streets of *gold*.
Sad state, when lucre rules a realm! sad state,
When realms demand a lucre king!—Nor yet
Ye see the ill, nor blame the tempter yet?
Though he may sing the syren song, he hath
The bolder, blacker, heart—hath precedence,
To the Arch-tempter boasting second rank.
Nor we exempt—vicegerents of the right,
Yet, framing, fostering law, to counteract
The law of heaven, repeating to the race
That primal falsehood o'er, 'Ye shall not die';—
The second fall as certain as the first.
Not his own agent, man, in cause like this;
Nature and tempter urge the selfsame suit;
Than reason dissolute, nought more unreasonable.
'The documents o'erdrawn?'—What sunken world,
With pencils dipped in Lethe, fury-wielded,
Could e'er do this, or shadow half its due?—
Much less, pourtray virtue on scene so dire!
'Tis time the sin ye saw, or adage claim,
'As those who will not see, none are so blind.'
This purblind state affords to vice good cheer;
Its children wise in every stratagem,
Unfolding strength, the vantage points beset
When law and rulers blink. And this to last?
Then, as they list, to the world's ending, men
May live; but oh, not theirs the choice to die!
Nay, prohibit vice so virulent,

Nor longer tempt the weakness of the race,
But lift to purer heights; give them awhile
The world without the Tarn; and so preclude
From stain, our hands, remorseless sting, our hearts."

With more of argument on either side,
Closed was the theme; and suffrages proclaimed
A vetoed Law!—vetoed, for the time,
With surplus strength reduced to meagre fund.

The hidden cistern of the soul oft fills
With tears, while windows it looks through are dry:
The strong heroic Bands, affected thus;
Their manly hearts did weep, but sent no drops
Of moisture to the eye—too deep the shock: [cheap!
They mourned the act, and deemed their birthrights
The songs of Band of Hope grew tremulous,
Till pause ensued—strange wonder in their eyes—
Could it be virtue to be innocent?
And tears their azure orbs bedewed.
Ah yes,
'Twere virtue, to the ceasing of all time!
What more is heaven than innocence? Its cause
On earth, what more? This, legislators felt.
The creed won sympathy—the deeds it wrought;
Almost convicted, they, its claims were just.
That mystic point was neared, once neared by all.
When easy of access the good and pure;
Duty's pathway clear to amplest fortune—
Opulence, in blessing and being blest;
But steps retraced, 'twere extra mercy if
Beheld so near, the way again so plain
To life's complete success. Here they lingered—
Mused;—this said, "Look up, the morning breaketh!"
But liberty, to human kind, moves slow;
Untried reform brings stoutest hearts misgivings.
As men made conscious of inflicted wound,
Are fain to gentle down, by better act,

The smart, so these—nor yet unanimous—
More stringent License Law would grant, in lieu
Of Law Prohibitive—and thus, atone.

'Twas urged by those who progress would resist
And public good—they knew not why, but this,
That such had ever been the prone of man—
"The traffic would proceed in stealthy way,
And here, to vending craft encouragement,
Full liberty for more recruits, apart
From let or fee. A few, with power invest
To deal, and lay in public fund the price,
So good might sparsely flow from traffic foul—
The wiser act."
Vain creed, by virtue crushed!
The pressing suit was met by prompt protest:
"Law should ne'er be gained at price of morals:
To touch, in man, the conscience, disregard
His sacred sense, not legislation's right;
By wholesome means to cherish virtue,
Its province; else, o'erstepped the righteous bound:
Monstrous stride, when legislation bolts,
Assays to license ill that good may come!
Nor, whit more just, though privilege be bought;
Wrong to right transformed, by purchase, never.
License some to kill, exacting paltry fee,
Theory as blest!—since, first of nature born,
The murderer's brand did bear; sure pledge that some
Will kill, till God's sabbatic year, and all
The mark of holiness, on foreheads, show.
Restrict the trade; detectives delegate
To guard from its infringement—securing
Trial.—Our sanguine hope to hail it crowned
With Tarn's great remedy—Prohibition."

It passed; yet subject to a three-fold test—
Rate-remitters, Grand Jury-men, members
Of Magisterial Courts—the major part.

All errors' zeal, of Roderick type; it vaunts
Full prowess, dares, and dies contending; truth,
More potent than Fitzjames' thirsty blade,
Uprising victor; void of scar or hurt.
New impulse now to publicans. All ran:
All raved for signatures, to save their craft.
Strange scene, so many of a creed, alert;
Strange scene, the vending booths of Tarn bereft;
But for a space, that more may be the throng,
They sped; and woke from slumber men of toil,
Honest, with sweat of labor on their brows,
God's given pledge of bread—and none so sweet—
Yea, woke from slumber upright men who read,
Ere couch of rest was sought, in Book divine,
Of "temperance, righteousness, and truth"; read how
The drunkard died, and heavenly portals closed,
The words still lingering in dreams;—these, to sign
Their autographic prayers, for leave to vend,
And make what Truth has said shall die unsaved!

O Night, best chosen, yet too transparent
For work so dark! Why twinkle so, ye stars?
And thou, O Moon, why shinest as the sun
Thy hated light? Is earth to crystal turned,
And nought but we and satan sunk? Perchance
Thus thought the men; but onward, still—while streams
And innocent skies demanded, Wherefore?
What's it emboldens men to basest crime,
Saving this—the total loss of boldness—
Courage to do well?
Mine, what amazement,
To see those warrants for the vile traffic
So well indorsed! Men, wont to cry "Destroy,"
Who clamored for a Law Prohibitive,
And gave the documents their interest,
The Bands their suavest smile had lent, their names,
Themselves, to license evil work; then gave
Their pliant sons the pen, as they, to do,

Urging still, the sickening plea. "Men will deal,
And wisdom lies in proffered liberty
To some, and reaping gain."—Thus, who never taste
The Tarn-fraternity, en masse, subscribed.

But goodly numbers scorned the monstrous act;
Held it in supreme contempt; standing high,
Declared, from God they held their manhoods,
Nor should they e'er betray the noble trust;
By duty pledged to raise to better life,
Not sink to deeper death, their kindred kind.
This kindly word accept in lieu of names:
Retire from cause, man's dignity beneath,
Ascend to higher ground, and see the skies,
And claim them yours, for they have claim on you;
Climb up to lofty principle, or cower
Before the trembling rocks.
The circuits made,
Their prayers to Session Courts were sent, subscribed;
Final test, awaiting. Oh, shocking scene!
Behold, they lay, a mass voluminous,
Like the death-warrants of a culprit world.—
Such, were they not, in truth, to some? Methought
Them splashed with blood! I still surveyed, and mused
What tears and groans are there! What bruises, blows!
What want for innocent sweet lives! What death—
If heeded, granted, the purport of the heap!

Some in prior test were unsuccessful,
Their prayers ineligible to further heed;
On such as triumphed o'er the first ordeal,
Did Session Courts deliberate:—this result:
To some cantons, the Act was ratified;
To some refused, with due of righteous scorn.

Joy for the Bands! their faithful toil had fruit:
Such vantage step had ne'er been gained till then.—
'Twas fortune turned; slight held had they of law,

With prospect of firmer grasp, sole control
Of Tarn, its rills, its Presses, farther up;
Annihilation then, of all but God's,
O'er which He whispered "good"—nor far the day
There is a thrill of soul held in reserve
For few; a thrill that nought but soul may know,
And that, not oft, when life's great object won,
It feels its claim to greatness. Such was his,
Whose eager eyes first peered on this New World;
And his, earth's motion who descried,—"It moves":
And theirs, who looking out, though dimly yet,
On world reclaimed, new-risen, and looming pure,
Beheld it "move" for man, and he for it.
Improving well the legal aid possessed,
The cause advanced; a step progressive, now,
Then lost; then won again; as all Reform,
Ere victory permanent.
Discouragement
To vice, how slow;—artful, its own to hold,
Impede its wonted path, 'twill find a score,
Stealthy, circuitous, in which to travel,
All ending at the selfsame point. Of life,
Nought so tenacious, as that nearest kin
To death and demon.—I saw the Posses,
In cantons blest with stringent Law, evade
To great extent, that Law—skilled in advantage.
Not public now, as heretofore, the trade;
Removed from central streets, from light, the booths;
Dark alleys, cellars, caves, where sped the work;
Where misty trees threw down their densest shade,
There the Demases had burrowed; anon
Their heads protruding to look for booty,
But met day's glare, abhorred.—I thought of those,
Once lawless, with flag of darkness fluttering,
Who hid their wealth in caves.—Yet, favored here
With much resort; sly, like serpents creeping.

Man found a way to death from beauteous world:

That way shut up: o'ergrown with Eden flowers,
Himself, to image of the gods restored.
Soon would he find the path to death again;
And so to vice, unmarked by track till his.

I noted this, peculiar to the trade;
In cantons unlimited by legal act,
Where all might vend, their wares were not exposed
To God's good light, as other merchandise;
This sign above their doors, I never saw,
"Messrs. So and So—Dealers in the Tarn."
Coyness, that honest traffic never knew,
Distinguished this. Why shrank it from the light,
But that 'twas wrong; and dealers felt it so?

More shyness now. Detectives' eyes were wont
To peer upon the trade—those scorching eyes,
Beneath which guilt did quail—and many paid
The penalty of law infringed. Thus, held in check.
To witness 'gainst itself, vice is tardy;
And loth the dupes of Tarn to e'er betray
The publicans; else, the calls to justice
More. Vigilant were detectives; yet, some vice,
Too sunken for lofty souls to ferret.
But ah, the Great Detective, One on high,
Beholds it all; reserves a wreath of fire
For every guilty deed, to search the soul;—
I wondered how the men would meet His gaze!
How pay the dread dues of Sovereign verdict!

I heard it rumored now, around the lake,
By its own sons,—a neighboring State* had won
A Law Prohibitive, back in the years,
And well tested it. They stopped the Presses
On the hills and sent adown no streamlets;
Yet, in subtle way, the Tarn was bought and sold.

*Maine.

It came from other rills, in shapes disguised ;—
In form of heavenly Book, and caskets for
The dead!—men called for it with swollen tongues ;—
And these chuckled as they spoke.
Sad, thought I,
If true, that death should thus assume the form
Of life's supernal Book! Far fitter shape,
The vials of the angels' wrath poured out,
"When sea was turned to blood, and earth was scorched,
And plague and pain devoured, of men, a third,
While they with bitten tongues blasphemed their God."
The caskets of death, more truly chosen ;
For they must follow close the trade.
Again,
A rumor, the Bands gave honest version :
They had sent delegates to spy its workings ;
If well, to urge their own. That artifice
Its wiles had tried, and taxed its funds of skill,
On the soulful cause inflicting hindrance—
'Twas true ; and yet, beyond compute, the good.
As oft the law enforced as clue was found,
Till strategy grew weary of defeat,
And plodding on, in industry, the State ;
Its traffic in proper channels flowing,
Sober, serene,—life's purpose full in view—
Rising to high destiny ;—sister States
To it for drafts Prohibitive applying,
To model theirs, when legislation deems.
When heaven's convoy comes to earth for jewels,
This perchance, in temperance, shall shine the first.—
The first, and best, awarded.
Mourning now,
To marts of Tarn, men, as on limit, moved ;
Their trade restrained, with token of extinction.
Some—great to their praise!—renounced the traffic :
Less frequently the ghostly concourse seen ;
Fiends, more sullen and subdued, wondering ;—
While objects rounded the rugged clifts,

Anon, like mystic sails—then disappeared;
What they were, why they came, I never knew,
Except they were the Posses' barques of hope,
Coming, going!
Proportioned to the grief
Of those, the Bands' rejoicing. Harvest, now.—
"Scattering precious seed in tears, long had they
Gone forth; now, with sheaves and joy returning."
Ecstasy supreme! They saw the Presses
Languid grow, when law forbade the barter;—
Tinier the rills!—the lake began to dry!
And men bethought themselves; saw life's demands
In light before unseen; read sobriety
On Nature's page, on Heaven's; in life and death;
Then started up, as to redeem the time!
Methought the world on eve of great reform;
The lake not reaching, now, its highest mark.
Te Deum of thanks from concentrated Bands,
To Him whose blessing rested on their toil,
Arose; my spirit joined the holy hymn,
Till rapture roused my magic reverie;—
And lo, the vision passed!
I rose. The dew
Lay on the mound, like pearls showered down from heaven.
The moon, full-orbed, in azure careering;
Night's silvery sheen was spread. I sought my home—
Its rest.

Next day, I was as one that mused,
By weight oppressed. I had not seen enough:
I had not seen the Far, or known the end.
The mountain trees with crimson tints, their charm
Had lost; their branches waved against blue heaven,
And seemed to whisper, "What will be the end?"
The emerald earth, with voices multiplied,
Asked the same. The sweet meadow rills, ere this,
Had laughed, as leaped they on; but murmured now.

"What shall be the end?" I sought the cascade;
Its dashing waves will drown the voice, I said.
Ah, my amaze! this query, thundered it,
"What shall be the end?" It seemed, each object
Had a voice; each voice, a theme; this, the theme,
"What shall be the end?" Not much sat I, or said,
That day; but moved and mused; my mind brim full
Of the great scene—how might be its ending.
Man's strange trait, to reach out for the Future,
And try to grasp the wondrous Unattained.

Twilight came; it but increased my wishes
For farther view, for more of weird knowledge.
My gun—companion of my rural rambles—
I took; sought again the place enchanted,
The leaf-strewn knoll, commanding the cascade.

What's in the twilight hour, that brings heaven near
With its glow of Godhead?—Saintly, serene—
The cadences of angels' anthems heard,
Their holy footfalls on the evergreen;
The veil so thin, the eye can pierce it through,
Catch glimpses of the future, read its books,
Celestial, with terrestrial, meeting, mingling,
In hallowed spell? Is it not this? the worlds,
Akin. Our spirits, mounting; theirs, descending:
Unseen, but felt, the sacred presence. This
The chosen hour to let man see and feel,
A glimpse, a thrill, of his high Hereafter?
If he may descend almost to demon,
May he not rise, betimes, almost to God?
A creature, complicate, between the two;
E'er to one, and then the other, veering.

While I pondered, again came the vision!

Canto XIII.—The Triumph.

HOW changed the scene! A world with light aflame
Met now my ravished gaze;—loving, tender;
The sweet gentleness of doves pervading.
Higher, purer, seemed it. Reflections played,
As if from ripples on the "sea of glass,"
Upon its skies; these, mixed with richer glow,
As from "golden harps and censers," moving,
Gave to earth some of its Eden lustre.

Each face serenest joy diffused. Children
Sang and laughed, in way unwont; cast themselves
Upon the emerald sward, and garlands wreathed,
Or through the flowery groves each other chased,
With more of pleasure in their eyes, music
In their voice, than youth had represented;
And when some gleeful one would glide away,
So cherub-like, amid the flowers ensconce,
Then call to eager comrades, "Come"—till then,
All that word's melody I had not known!
None wanted that to make them blest. A state
Of orphanage, how rare! From bright windows,
Mothers, elder sisters, watched the guileless play;—
Fair creatures, they, the sweetest of God's race.

And men grew old in days, still young in health
And ruddy hue. The centenarian toiled
With brow unfurrowed, form erect, locks
Of silver with youthful glow, contrasting.
Hand in hand went neighbors life's path along;
O'er the mountains, up the valleys, went they,
Nor severed oft the magic clasp of love,
Till graces ripened into golden fruit,

And full of years, they met the reaping time,
And chariots winding up the Zion hills,
Safe conveyed them to celestial garner.

The world, not fading now; its blight o'erpast,
No shrivelled face implored for friends or food,
No weary, pining one, besought a grave;
For grief and woe were verging to disuse.
Dissension, crime, not raging as before;
Foul-bloated visages, quite obsolete;
Pain and disease, restricted in their sphere;
Widows,—the sable train that first I saw
Among the tombs—reduced to few, and theirs
A hopeful sorrow, the bright bow of tears,
One end in heaven;—the tombs, themselves, reduced.
Not mourners now, full half the race of man,
In dusky garments clad—obtruding grief,
Their own, on others' eyes—with crapy odors.
Nor parent there, cried, "O my son! my son!"
Nor son besought a parent's lacking care.
The premature decay, immensely less;
So the mature. Death hovered, far away,
About the borders of the world; looked on
The cemeteries o'ergrown with trees and flowers,
His quivers hanging down, and mourned his fate,
His waning work. A novel sight, methought—
Death, in ennui!
Industry with men;
All toiling;—a pleasant, healthful labor,
By independence lifted free from moil.
Few lacking motive, and that, laudable;
And mind, matured amid the prosperous reign,
Took loftier flights, and Science, Art, installed
As handmaids, meet, for lovely Piety.

The verdant earth, how fruitful! Husbandry,
The noblest work of man, save that for souls,
Had perfect grown,—beauteous, as bountiful.

Acres, yellow with their waving wealth,
Reached far away, and met the horizon.
Plantations, as numerous as cottages,
Whose ample fruits had caught the hues of heaven;
Where merry maidens strolled, their rosy tints
With those above them vieing.—Cadences
Of happy voices, on the fragrant breeze,
Shouting "Harvest Home."—
O, toil enchanting!
The Deity, with all His golden rays
And cheering showers, co-worker here with man,
While birds and brooklets lend rich melody,
Flowerets, fields and groves, their sweet aroma!
Man casts seed, and sleeps; God watches, blesses:
A husbandman can scarce be undevout;
If so, the harder task and deeper shame
Methought; when Providence, each day and night,
Walks in his fields and cherishes his work!

This sweet feature chained my admiration;—
The daughters, sons, cleaved to their fathers' land,
And effort gave to make it rank supreme;
Nor roamed, to lavish strength 'neath other skies,
Build strangers' homes, at downfall of their own.
They deemed it quite unjust they e'er should seek
For glacier or orange clime, else they had been
Its sons and heirs. Nor panic-stricken they,
For paltry trades, e'er rushing from the fields,
To seek for masters and ne'er be their own;
But sought and loved the trade of paradise,
With only "one their Master—even God!"
Their choice of toil improved the physical;
This mark the young, as well as aged, bore;
The functions, streams of life, seemed purified,
And made, in truth, "the human face divine."

Grace, in ascendant now! Immoral man,
The rare exception—not the public rule.

Reverence for sacred things, more prevalent.
As seen in acts of men with men, and they
With God.—Time, talent, given to better life—
To cause above—gracious fruit appearing.
The Temples of the Lord were vastly more:
These, never shut by day; and bells rang out
A call, for all the laden on the way
To stop, lay down their loads, and hear of "rest."
Pastors, oft as the morns, to church repaired,
Their flocks to meet—as watchful shepherds, theirs,
Upon the downs—nor, e'er lacking audience.
How beautiful to see, here one, and there,
Uplay his implements of husbandry,
When dawned the hour devout, and book in hand,
Go forth, to sit beneath the drops of grace,
And meet the Father's smile!—And Sabbath seemed
A day in heaven—continuous psalmody!

The young, in righteous way, well trained, ne'er swerved;
And wisdom boasted of its hoary heads.
Not burthened now, the breeze, with words profane,
The sin of oaths was seen, without excuse,
All vulgar slang gave place to converse chaste;—
Both fool and demon is the man who swears.—
Just cause for joy, the gloomy prisons, less;
Asylums, crumbling to decay, which erst
Had marred the view of every city, town;
And churches towered, unsmit by atmosphere
Of jails.—No scaffold to my vision rose.

True, there was crime, and traces, still, of vice:
But dimly seen, by virtue held in check;
The good, so long in thrall, predominant;
In ratio, the ill, as one to four.

'Twas thus the gospel seed, fruit of its kind
Had borne; nor virus in the moral air

To blight; but blooming, fair, the germs of bliss.
It seemed the earth would answer its design,
Uprisen from its fall, its vices less;—
A world, a human race, rejuvenate.

I cast about me for the wondrous cause,
Why broad streams of happiness were flowing,
Unwonted peace and plenty reigning, thus,
Tears wiped away, and radiant smiles instead!
In my delight, I had forgot the Tarn,
That bane of former view, and looking hence—
Exit, all amazement, save this!—*'twas dry!*
Exult, O Heaven! Thou Earth, be jubilate!
The lake was dry! There lay the yawning gorge—
The stinging fluid gone!
I sought its brink:
Till then, I had not stood so near its edge!
Scenes unholy awe, as well as holy.—
O terror!—horror!—pity!—deep disgust!—
The sight that met my view! Strewn, its vile bed,
With human bodies as hell's with human souls!
Bones and hearts of men; coins, with vengeful blood
Burnt, cankered; broken trinkets, jewels, gems:
Gold lockets, chains, and bridal garments, marred:
Segments of plighted rings, and tresses fair;
Leaves of the Holy Book;—and through the mass,
The red serpents, crawling—not quite extinct!—
Coiled in the cavities of skulls, they hissed,
With power to hurt no more! This word I saw
Down in the dread filth, upon a leaf,—"GOD!"
No place, methought, where is not found the Name,
To bless, or curse;—as friend, or endless foe!

I looked around; save its malignant bed,
All bright. The pyramids had toppled o'er.
Vacant the caves; frescoed, their entrances,
With purest flowers, which found congenial soil.
The fiendish tenants gone;—gone, the ghostly.

The remnant of the concourse, all dispersed,
And plodding on in laudable pursuits.
Not drooping, as before, the sombre trees;
The blood-red mist removed, their branches rose,
Resumed their growth, and vied with other groves!
No shriek of ravenous bird, or howl of beast,
Sent terror down the slope. I even heard
The sweetest, brightest, of the feathery tribes,
Warbling there. Subtle voice of stealthy rills,
Unheard; they long had ceased to trickle down!
I followed up the mountain-rifts they made;
The Presses, silent,—their deadly engines stopped,
And in ruin, crumbling;—the workmen gone!
The dens of Demases were now no more;
Nought save low mounds with verdure overgrown,
Fragments of casks and jugs—to mark their sites!

Did he who stood on Ararat, and saw
The earth appearing o'er the primal flood,
The corses of his sinful race, heaped in
The vaults, promiscuously, with those of beasts—
Saw life and destiny about to start
On new career—not weep? Surely he wept;
Else he had died! loneliness, miracle
And majesty, the man's heart had broken!

What awe was mine, as here I stood and saw
The second deluge thus assuaged!—more fraught
With death and desolation than the first.
I trembled 'neath the weight, and wept! Not grief—
But blended reverence, gratitude and joy,
That God should work such great result by man—
The cause.
The Bands, I saw, were merged in one—
That comprised the race—their labor ended;
No cause for effort now the Tarn was dry,
They rested on their laurels. The veterans
Not here, to see the fruit of all their toil,

But there, beholding from the placid skies!
They had gone home, to shine as heavenly stars;
But, not till thousands had their cause embraced,
And these their thousands more to truth had won,
To walk the pleasant ways—stars on their breasts:—
Not organized, as when campaign began—
There was not need—the foe annihilate.
I felt a shade of grief to see not one
I saw before. Changed was the Band of Hope
To Band of Joy.—Such sweetness in each face,
'Twas plain they drank from Nature's pebbly streams,
That rippled, calmly, through a Tarnless world!

I asked "what extra means had brought such end?—
The course the Bands pursued, if novel, What?"
One, venerable with years, a very sage
In all reform, advanced, and thus replied:—

"To toil, persistent, in the righteous cause,
'Twas mainly due. Nor day, nor night, ceased they
To urge, against the Tarn, the crusade on.
In winters' cold, in summers' heat, their theme
The same; in church and hall, in street and grove—
As holy men in other days were wont
To sound the gospel claims—so, boldly they
The Temperance suit—portrayed the traffic, vile;
E'er hostile to the weal of man, and earth,
His home.—Felt, seen, was truth, in lengthened ranks.

As strength increased so did the noble zeal;
New forms adopted, led to new results:—
The nursery, now, where first began the theme,
And innocents were taught to lisp its praise!
Fond parents pointed to the lucid streams,
Or brought in crystal glass the fluid, pure,
Told them how God had made it for our use;
And gushing from the earth, it flowed adown
The heathery hills, and through the meadows sweet.—

How richest birds would bathe their glossy plumes,
Taste its cool drops, and coo to mirrored birds;—
Nor life nor purity, where it was not.
In desert wastes, the beasts would stretch themselves
And die; and men would long, and long, till death!—
No water there. And they were told how men,
For gain, had manufactured poisonous rills,
To supersede the fluid God had made;
And how they poured into a place called 'Tarn'—
A heinous thing!—a thing they e'er must hate!—
That swarmed with reptiles, reeked with filth and death;
And men were lured to taste until they died!
Some took their children down to see the Tarn,
That seeing, they might ever shun its paths;
They shrank away and screamed with wild affright!
And in their nursery prayers they breathed this word,
'Deliver us from *Tarn*'—then would they weep,
And promised ne'er 'to handle, touch, or taste.'

This fact I've noted well," the sage pursued,
"The nursery vows, to loving mothers made,
To shun colossal vice, which may beset
An age maturer, are seldom broken.
And nursery prayers need not repetition;
Their answers final, for what then implored:
When future need, 'tis what we knew not then,—
This we may ask supplied—the first endures.

School life began,—the sunny days of lore—
They met the lessons there they learned at home.
Received them as the principles of faith,
And Temperance loved, so lovely in itself,—
More ardent grown, as depth of mind grew more—
And centred on the vice of Tarn their hate.
This branch of moral culture in the schools,
Entwined with standard branches there acquired—
Became, remained, a prejudice of lore.

Their names, in fitting age, were found enrolled
Amid the Bands, for action in the field—
The sanguine soldiers of the Temperance cause,
In all its tactics skilled—and when to strike,
And where. On every side, appliances;
Conventions, for the strength of hands and hearts,
For 'hints and helps';—sheets, scattered wide and far,
And glowing with the theme—these, not unlike
Leaves, strewn from heaven, 'for the nations' healing.'

Pulpits the topic rang in every ear;
None might sit and list for Temperance in vain.
The priests of God had power; the people quailed
Beneath the thunders of the woes of Tarn;
And then, on tip-toe rose, as saintly man
Would to the window stretch his hand, and shout—
'See! see! the dove, with olive-leaf, returning!'—
Till lifted high, their souls would fire with zeal,
Detest and spurn the Tarn, and vow its end:
The press abetted the resolves and sent
Good cheer to every hamlet. The youthful?—
How could they but espouse the cause, in love,
And make its weal their work; its aid their aim?

Wide-spread reform, and that in sweetest way,
In public, as in private ranks, obtained.
Truth had sway ere the ruled became aware
Its sacred principles had hold on life,
Insensibly to some, without effort—
Such power hath virtue, when in ascendant.
And Legislatures, one by one, succumbed
To the potency of right, pervading,
And freely granted Law, Prohibitive!—
Assemblies being now, in part, composed
Of those who heard the stories of the Tarn,
And wept, to hear—then, lisped their nursery vows.
Posses, disorganized, or gently lured,
As by enchantment, to the rightful ranks.

Wore Temperance badges, and did them honor.
Necessity became a law, to some,
And they were borne on tide of vast Reform,
Till all the pledge of Recheb's sons embraced
Their blessing, too, in length of happy days!
The Tarn assuaged, when there was no supply,
And earth restored, became what now you see,—
'Its solitudes all glad; and blossoming,
Its deserts, as the rose!' Life's bane away,
The poison from the soul, and garnished, swept,
That soul well-fitted now to be the home
Of godliness, till earth and skies recede;
Then, above heaven's far pedestal to mount,
Clap its wings amid the cheer of angels,
Yea, look down on these—as far above them
As once below—by virtue of redemption.—
What never fell may never higher rise;
But what has fallen may rise forever."

"And, shall the chasm ever yawn?" I queried:
"Shall, on its margin, earth's succeeding sons
All stand, and gaze upon the ruin wrought,
A dire memento of the gloomy past?—
'Tis yet slight blemish on Nature's beauty—
More harmless far than pleasing, sightly."

"Ah no," responded he; "the hand of Time
The aspect of its bed shall change. Whereas,
The subtle rills their fluid tribute brought,
The rills of nature nature's sediment
Shall bring,—its leafy mould, to fertilize
And fill; while rocks disintegrate and aid.
And there shall verdure wave, and russet fruit,
Like Eshcol clusters hang—sweet zephyrs kiss
The golden harvest fields down in the vale:
There shall children play with snow-white doves,
Or lead their lambkins up the grassy slopes;
And men shall worship where their fathers warred,

Live long and prosper where they drank and died;
Till through its quiet shall resound this voice:
'Cast, cast up, the highway; that ransomed ones
To Zion may return with joy and songs.'
And this their anthem, as they wend along:—
'Who shall ascend to the hill of the Lord?
Who shall stand upright in His holy place?
He that hath clean hands, and whose heart is pure;
He that to vanity lifted not his soul;
He shall receive the blessing of the Lord,
Righteousness from the God of salvation;
We are the nation of them that seek Him—
That seek His face.—
Lift up your heads, O gates!
Be ye lifted, O doors, everlasting,
And the King of Glory shall enter in!
Who's the King of Glory? The Lord, mighty;
The Lord, strong; the Lord, mighty in battle!
Lift up your heads, O gates! Even lift them up,
O doors, everlasting; and glory's King
Shall enter! Who is the King of Glory?
The Lord of hosts, He's the King of Glory!'"

He read the anthem from a gold-clasped book.
Methought I heard them sing—saw them wending,
So vivid were the words, the scene, portrayed.

"Those bodies, bones, shall they all mouldering lie,
Down where they fell—nor e'er removed?" I asked.

"Would it were so! Oh, would it were!" he said:
Such day shall come as never came to earth;
An awful throne shall rise, 'a great white throne',
Its pedestal midway in azure heaven,
Its apex as infinity, for height.
The skies shall rend, celestial trains appear,
And fiery cars, with saints and seraphim
Descending; upper realms evacuate,

Its hosts all moving down with fluttering robes ;—
While angels light on banks of riven azure,
To behold afar the scene tremendous ;—
And at their head, the Lord, the dreadful Judge,
With shout that shakes profound eternity,
Convulses earth, or hurls it from its orb,—
Ascends the royal seat, the throne sublime—
While trump, ne'er blown till then, nor e'er again,
But kept in golden halls for that one blast,
Then laid aside, forevermore—awakes
The dead! they start and stand around the Throne ;—
The circles deepening, till all space is full—
A globe of human ones! all that have lived!—
Those victims of the Tarn, among the throng,—
The judgment, verdict, as their deeds have been.
See, they shake! Hark, the sentence, 'Go away!'
Terrible transfer!—to fiery Lake, sealed up
For aye, with nations that forget their God!

Oh, who may stand in that stupendous day?
Oh, who may stand before Jehovah's frown?—
Look unmoved on melting worlds—falling sparks—
That fathomless eternity shall quench?—
None, none, save those who make the Judge their Friend!
Presumption, this, beyond a name!—that men
For filthy drops of Tarn, did e'er incur
God's ire!—pampering false appetite on earth;
The penalty, a quenchless thirst in hell!"

I turned me to the beauty of the world,
And asked no more. To those, convalescent,
Earth seems strangely new; a deep enchantment
In grove and stream;—Nature, in gala dress
For their delight. More precious seems the flower,
They pause, admire, and weep, who ne'er had stooped
To floral gem, but crushed with heedless foot—
Such purity, design, in petal, tint,
So like the mystic, where but late they stood.

And thus, to human ones, the world, restored
From dire affliction of infectious Tarn:
It seemed new-made for special joy of life;
A charm in blade and leaf, in tint and tree,
Before unseen, unknown.—Melodious world!
In every heart a hymn, all life took part;
Birds trilled blither anthems—or seemed it so—
So great the music of the human mind.
Rivers ran to melody, breezes chimed,
While leaflets rose and fell like valves. The globe
A mighty organ seemed of dulcet tone,
Hung in azure void for seraphs' practice.

I ne'er saw domestic beasts so happy;
They felt the change, untaught by instinct, why?
In lovely shades they lay, or grazed the meads
In calm content. Do beasts admire? then those,
The beautiful,—their look so satisfied.
More gentle, too, their viciousness unroused
By cruelty; on friendlier terms with man
Lived they. Man, their tyrant, in days of Tarn,
Half frantic by its drops, his steed would beat,
And urge to swifter pace; or, firm attached
To ponderous load, unportioned to his strength,
The beast must do or die by cruel blows:—
The race more sickly, servile, than was meet.
Nature, unstratified, in man, is vile,
And crops in cruelty to beasts. This speaks
The despot. Not in station o'er his kind,
He needs must lord it over brutes;—tyrant,
Of meanest name—culprit, in equity
Of heaven; as such should stand to human sight.
It should be held a crime as done to man,
The cruelty to beasts with equal dues—
This, balancing the scale, that they are dumb!
I oft have sorrow felt that sin of man
Gave beasts their pain and death; in him they fell.
If that which falls may rise, may there not be

For beasts a limited redemption? This,
First step in the ascending scale, methought
Deliverance from the rage-inspiring Tarn,
Which sent to them its woes in goads and thongs
Cruel loads, with lack of manly mercy.
Nobler, loftier, they stood beside the streams,
Freer, and yet their freedom not abusing,
Obedient to the Master's call or sign.
I could but think their harmless, happy state.
An antepast of the prophetic days,
"When flocks, herds, and beasts of prey, diverse,
Shall feed, lie, harmoniously together,
And a little child shall go before them,
With nought to hurt in all the holy mount."

'Twas now such boon to live, life was esteemed,
And guarded as God's gift—nor thrown away
In reckless mood, regardless of account
Which all must give. And is not life a boon,
If virtue dwell, and all the graces, there,
Untarnished by the rust and ruth of vice?
Two heavens hath life like this;—a heaven, to end,
Then one, for aye. Such value, mortal life,
Two places only can its worth be known,
In realm of bliss, and the "great gulf" of woe.

No stigma, now, this sphere, to those which kept
First Law, Prohibitive, nor paused between
The hand of God and destiny designed,
Nor knew the evils of a fall. In rank,
Perchance, above,—more loved of Trinity
And angels, in that it was the purchase,
With His blood, of the Father's only Son,
Who bore its scars, some of its dust, to heaven.
A souvenir,—sure pledge, our home's on high.

Nor bankrupt; its treasuries overflowed,
And poured in bounty to each righteous claim:

Yet, ever full; for trade, in healthful streams,
Free as ether, flowing, sought marts afar,
And brought returns in foreign wealth. The seas
Had ne'er seen such traffic, or lent their waves
To speed such fleets. Ships, of antique model,
Forth from the distant haze appeared, as if
From other worlds. While those of modern mould,
Argosies, glided, veered, most gallantly,
In cause of commerce, interchange of wares;—
All manned by sober men—at every helm,
A sober man, who steered his ship aright,
Nor plunged it to its doom, with loss of life.
All nations' ensigns represented there,
Till oceans variegated forests seemed:—
(The sin of smuggling, justly now abhorred)
Wealth could but richly flow; while enterprise
At home, art, industry, and genius, strove
Their part to do—and did, with rare result.
At helms of state, were sober, steadfast men,
Who let not realms collide—sailed wide of rocks
Where empires oft have struck, and wrecked as oft.
Hence, wars were few on the broad face of earth;
And wholesome laws enhanced prosperity.

At gospel helms were men who steered through flood
And fire immortal freights to Eden ports;
Nor quailed till on the fruit-strewn banks of bliss
They stood—the souls beneath their charge. And this,
Their mission, to go and come, till, "Enough,"
The Master saith, and they return no more;—
Safe on the "golden wharves" amid the hosts
They had conducted thither!
Thus, sped on
Earth's vast concerns in happy, tranquil way;
Life, temporal, spiritual, in orient,
Recovered from the blight and bane of Tarn,
Moving as though such scourge had never been.
What so becoming, now, as gratitude?

And nought more amply flowed. Thanksgiving days
Abundant; yet far less than the demand;
Those but the public pledge of thankfulness,—
All days were hearts in secret breathing thanks.
Praise, too, on every tongue, in every heart; [praise,
Men walked and praised, they sat and praised,—praise,
From mountain, valley, seas, skies, earth and air
In anthem blending; no note discordant:— [Him;
"Praise the Lord from the heavens; ye heights praise
Praise Him, His hosts; all His angels praise Him;
Sun, moon, and all ye stars of light, praise Him;
Heaven of heavens, and waters above, praise Him;
From the earth, dragons and all deeps, praise Him;
Fire and hail, snow, wind and vapors, praise Him;
Mountains, hills, fruit-trees and cedars, praise Him;
Beasts, cattle, creeping things and fowl, praise Him;
All kings, peoples, princes, judges, praise Him;
Young men, maidens; old men, children, praise Him.
In the Lord's own sanctuary, praise Him;
In the firmament of His power, praise Him.
For His mighty acts and greatness, praise Him.
With the trumpet, psaltery and harp, praise Him;
Timbrel and dance.—On loud cymbals, praise Him;
Upon high-sounding cymbals, praise Him;
With stringed instruments and organs, praise Him;
Let every thing that hath breath, praise the Lord;
For He made it!"

But what, and who are those,
From orient and occident, approaching?
From torrid zone and frigid? Behold them!
All with emblems, banners—hosts like the stars.
From oceans, seas, and balmy isles;—all climes,
Nations, beneath the azure arch of earth,
Amply represented—their badge the same—
Bearing rich products of their native lands,
Lo, on yonder verdant vale, converging,
The site of the extinguished Tarn! They come
To celebrate the day of earth's release,

Its triumph o'er its execrable foe,
To this, the spot, where was won the victory
Men, women, aged, as by antedate,
Hale, happy, as when life towered in zenith;
Youg men, vigorous, intelligent and chaste;
Maidens, in virtue, bloom, the ambrotypes
Of angels; children, playful as the fawns,
And beauteous as the flowers—stood in the vale
And on the swardy slopes amid the trees,
A brilliant concourse. How unlike the first, [lake
Which thronged the selfsame ground, when raged the

They held their pitchers to sweet water rills,
Anon, and blessed the bright beverage of earth,
And blessed the change. Then, told what there had been
Unto the children;—how their fathers fought
And won its banishment, to give them joy;
Described its woful scenes, its death-fraught deeds,
Rehearsed the incidents of the campaign,
The glorious victory! Then, Te Deum, anew,
As earth ne'er heard, a mighty gush, to heaven!
Heaven caught the symphony, and all its harps
And voices stirred, to bear it upward, upward!
The burthen of the theme of universe
Was this: "*The Tarn is conquered! Earth is free!*
Again, Peace on earth, and good will to men!

"And every creature heard I say Amen!"

With earth in jubilee, the Vision passed,
To come no more.

Canto XIV.—Supplementary Hints.

A VISION! Wherefore's a vision? 'Tis what?
Fanaticism o'erwrought, a mental swoon,
The day-dreams of a moody mind, say some.
Fancy, lawless, wild; imagination strung
To farthest verge—of what? Of sanity,
Where mind and madness meet; dare more affirm?—
Definitions, those, bold reason may correct,
And summon proof.
See him, the Churches' Rock,
On eastern roof, full in the glare of noon,
With eyes obverted to the arching heaven
And thoughts above; when lo, a sheet let down
By loops of amethystic hue, or held
By angel-hands—an aërial ark—freighted
With beasts of clean and unclean kind. This thrice,
And then caught up. This lesson learned the man:
Despise not that which God hath not despised,
But strive to win the base to purer paths.
He did; no act in his career more sane.

And he of Patmos, lonely, exiled, saw
Sublimest vision: saw earth's drama scene
From first to last, things been and yet to be,—
Wrathful phials and gracious drops poured out,
Strife of saints and demons, the field, where fought
Souls, martyred beneath the altar calling,
"How long, O Lord, ere thou our blood avenge?"
An angel in the sun, one on the sea,
Spectators, till the scene be closed, and time
Run down.—The dead, standing before their God:
Tears wiped away; the river from the throne,
Clear, crystalline, and on its pearly banks
The City of the saved.—The lost, wailing,

Who knew, but did their duty not—now sealed
In fiery prison; o'er the vestibule
This line, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay!"
Where is the madness? where the vision vague?—
Language that yet invites interpreters;
And wisdom only reads aright as time
The scroll unfolds.
He of Bedford, Bunyan,
Who scanned from "wicket" to the "Beulah gate"
The Christian, all that did his race betide,
In vision scanned; was his a fancy flight
Wanting in fact? Let hosts, the selfsame race
Who ran, saw his sore conflicts in their own,
But hold the prize, reply.
Milton, the first
In epic theme, lost paradise to save,
Who strolled its blighted walks along, and mused:
Saw all its loss, its need; then soared away,
Took from the floral field of God new flowers,
Seed of its soil, and manna from its mount,
Scattered, planted here, that all might gather:—
Saw he not much 'twere well if all might see?—
Vision that's blessed the earth, that earth has blessed.

This, lacking all the traits of those, but truth,
Demands good heed; truth in demand is wealth,
In volume or in vision. None may rise,
Behold the alcoholic flood, its sway,
The woe and death it works out for our race,
Then vow the vision false; for earth and heaven
With awful voices shout, "'Tis true! 'tis true!"

Dread foe to every class, meet it should
In every class a foe, with armor on,
And ready for the strife when God and duty bid.
The word is *now*. Ye Temperance ones bestir;
Break the human thrall, set your fellows free:
This war holds none exempt;—all classes, up!

Mothers, first teachers of the unformed mind.
Nature's tutors—next to God in precedence—
Your duties hear; rise to your profession.
Ye look, and lo, probation's surging sea
All dotted with the "barks of little souls."
Ye take them from the tide—immortal charge—
To name their destiny, their passports write
To life or death. As dresser o'er the vine,
Such power have ye o'er tendrils yet untrained.
Your minds, the youthful mind bend as ye may,
It clings, well pleased to plod where mothers point.
No less than just; where look should infancy
But to maternal one, and she to God—
Prime delegate between the two.—System,
Where household stars may gravitate and curb
Erratic flight.
Ye know your power to do
Or make undone; to lead to noble height
Or base descent, the flexile mind of youth.
Ye ask, what should the earliest lesson be?
Temperance—the same first taught to man. Bend down.
And let them hear the theme taught with their prayers,
The theme, as Eden old, as Eden pure;
Insert it in their creed, and let it grow
From dawn till day of life, then, printed well
On tablet of the heart, as soon shall they
Deny all clauses of the Christian faith
As this—with tender wand of love impressed.

To show the precept true, bring Nature's proof;
Her order in her reign, no wild excess;
No husky sky, from soil, exacting dews
Unreciprocal; no spring-time dropped, lost
From the year; no orbit mad careering,—
All having place, nor swerving all,—teachers
Mute, momentous, of the theme.—Sweet brooklets,
Each to other calling, rain's chiming drops,
The glacier's flashing voice, night's nectar dews,

And ocean murmuring in its mighty bowl—
But preach the Temperance cause; its worth—
God's primal law, and nature's theme—reversed,
At countless cost.
Your homes have voice: make them
On earth the sunniest place, where joys converge;
That sons may have their need supplied, nor roam
From scant delight, to meet the tempter's glass;
Sharp goads to sin are uncongenial homes,
And thousands rush to vice from joyless hearths:
Take ye the blame; for mothers make or break
The paradise of youth; bind there its love,
Or rend it free—temptation's cruel sport.—
Cherish each one as all, and all as one,
Nor let that savors of a partial sway
The sacred spot invade. This fiend intrudes,
With guile as fatal as the first, as foul,
And scatters all the bliss—lest mothers watch
'Tis vile—'tis worse!—domestic monster, this,
And too unnatural for a well-bred name!
Why take two cherub gifts, your flesh and form,
Alike in soul, in filial love alike,
And dote on one, and one despise? 'Tis done
At risk to both, of virtue, happiness,
And legal birthrights to the skies. Alas,
If in your glorious robes, one day, be found
Your offsprings' price; while Hindoo mothers stand
Absolved!

Knowledge, temperance—the standard, yours:
And sons, to higher grade will ne'er aspire,—
The stream no purer than its lucid fount—
And nations take their rank from mothers' worth.
Ye move in light and lore, so doth the realm;
In moral purity, so far, the race.
This is our want; the power of purest mind
O'er mind less pure, in truth and chaste reform.—
In tender hands the Temperance lever take,

And raise, ye high-souled ones, to loftier stage
The household charge: exalt the nation thus.
Fittest instructors of the Temperance creed,
To fittest minds, much of the work is yours;
Ye hold credentials from the hand of God,
Of duty, how discharged, to make return,
And certify the same before His bar.—
Point them along the way where Nature's springs
Flow down; where all the virtuous go, and gain
The Eden fount. Show, too, the drunkard's path
Down to the fiery still—his death and doom.
As ye would have the Pleader plead for you,
Plead with your children, then, one path to seek,
The other shun;—nor strive the tear to hide,
But plead through crystal mists, and few to turn
From mothers' tears, and rush to vice and death,
The world e'er found.

Home is the mother's throne;
Yet that which circumscribes her sphere and binds
Her there is dark, and savors of the harem.
Down yonder narrow street where pines her sex
Should she not go, with help and genial voice?
Or to the inebriate's loft be privileged,
With rhetoric of heaven? Does not mercy ask
Her aid? "The Lord is Maker of them all."
Too long this silent power has lain inert,
This "still small voice" that melts, subdues, the race
And moves God's heart;—this voice must plead the cause
In lane, in loft, or at the vender's bar,
Nor shun the rostrum if the theme require,
For she who "prophesied" must surely preach,
Extend to erring ones the trumpet call,
And take the cure where'er the plague has gone,
Ere shall the "Vision" be fulfilled, and earth
Go free.

"But who are these in robes of white?

And whence came they? From troublous waves emerged,
Blood-washed, they walk by living founts, nor thirst
Nor hunger more. Redemption fruit, the first
To God from men, they follow where He leads:
These be they undefiled, a virgin band."

Sisters, behold in these your prototypes:
With Him who "healed the broken heart and set
Oppressed ones free"—spent life in good—they walked;
Had they not here, they had not there. Their scene
Of toil invites you forth; the captive groans.
'Tis sweet persuasive power convinces, moves,
When mightiest logic fails, and ethics yield:
Where storm ne'er swept, the sunbeam finds its way;
A sister's love, how like the solar beam,
It warms; nor can we hinder its ingress
Or palm its light away. Her voice, how like
The music of the isles; it charms to heed.
To test your native gifts, the time has come.
And Temperance the theme. What theme so worthy?
The Maid of Arc could turn the tide of war,
And why not ye that other tidal wave
That wrecks, engulphs, and make's God's world a waste.
Assert your rights!—the right to bless and save,
And carry sunbeams to the drunkard's home;—
To clothe an orphan host and give it bread,
And speak to woful wives of that which pleases;—
The right, a paradise to spread all o'er
The ruins of the first. Nor let deter
That modesty of heathen kind which hushed
On earth, through ages long, the sweetest voice;
But folding close your dainty robes, go forth
In "highways" of distress—God's angels, ye—
To awe from vice and lure to paths of joy.

Home, *home!*—Have ye not brothers there who take
You for their guiding stars through mists of ill?

Who feel their safety in your radiant light
And cluster there? Then, breathe to these the cause
They should espouse, and warn of that to shun;
Nor let them meet the daily world unarmed
With love's pure token, lovingly impressed,
And few will desecrate a sister's kiss,
Or place to lips where it hath been, the cup.—
Alas for those this guard who never knew!
The more excuse and less amaze, if they
Should fall.
This age sees competition rife;
All men are rivals; and prizes, varied:
In Church, the mitre; in State, the glitter, gold;
In martial ranks, the "Sword" and "Golden Cup":
While oarsmen risk, to win the "Champion's Belt,"
A Renforth's death.—Ye hold and guard a prize,
On earth, the dearest—the heart of woman.
Let him the most expert in Temperance war,
And first to flee the "cup of cursing, be
The victor; he to shrine of Bacchus pledged,
The vanquished. Who shares his love who loves
The cup, hath scanty fare.
Ye famed for art,
Add this to fame—to free from slavish yoke
All men. Ignite in early mind a spark,
And fan it well in every stage, till flame
Ascends, and breasts all beat with patriot hearts.
No undue grief shall then your future vex
Of duty left, hope fled and brothers lost.—
Oh, 'tis the work of sad protracted years
To bring the heart back from departed hopes!
Who learns this lesson well, has learned life's hardest.

As spirits from the high abodes of heaven,
Ye soonest are at fevered couch with smiles
And cordials. To part the damp locks of grief,
The aching brow to soothe, magic your hands;
In mercy's errands your steps the fleetest:

How can ye scruple that your mission, then,
Extendeth forth to drunken ones, and fallen?
Ye visit, 'tis true, our Temperance Orders,
Afford your brothers cheer in worthy cause,
And move the hearts which move the arms in war—
It is well. "Honor, the meed of honor."
But that contracted to domestic sphere,
A "Temple" or "Division Room" should be
This peerless power to assail Intemperance,
Where it ne'er comes, and not full field allowed—
This is our grief.
Who clung to yonder cross
Where suffered, bled, the world's great Crucified,
Last at His tomb, and first on rising morn
To welcome Him from death, that all might rise,
First heralds of the theme—Awake? Go forth!
By resurrection life and hope, go forth!
Most favored ones in that stupendous scene,
Ye may in one auspicious yet to come,
When dead, in drunkenness, shall wake to life,
A world, enfranchised, start on new career,
Nor see its sun, in all his course, a slave.
Thrice favored, then; at sapphire ports ye need
Not pause, your hands to cleanse; but knock, and hear
This word, "Ye blessed of the Lord, come in!"

Fathers, ye were remembered well when toil
Was parcelled out to man in righteous shares;
And He who gave you offspring gave you work.
Ye owe this duty to your sons, to teach
Them moral goodness, and, wherein is vice;—
Sobriety, among the virtues, first,
First, its opposite, among the vices.
Unclasp the book and read the precept o'er,
How God delights in "temperance—His own child—
Not needing law to guide, so pure and blest."
How He "intemperance abhors—fleshly fruit,
Accurst—and all who taste shall surely die."

And when the ear and wondering eye are chained
To that one theme, that book, read you the more;
The words have found "the good ground" of the heart.

Let your example and the precept vie;
And spare your youthful sons that grievous sight,
A father drunken! Their eyes are on you
More than you know; sons are close observers,
From fathers' virtues, vices, shape their own.
This truth, note well: That sons will seldom place
The wine-cup on the board where hands of sires
Ne'er placed it first; and if by those, the sons
As seldom will remove it.
Helps have ye
To rivet right, and make it hold through life.
Inspire with love of country and of home;
A patriot will scarcely be a sot,
Or lover of domestic joy a slave
To lust. Content complete in country, home,
They rove not far to meet the subtle powers.

Preach husbandry, its beauty, benefit;
Yea, tell how God this science taught to man,
Showed him to till and train; and softly, then,
In eve, beheld what he had done, and talked;
While notes which death has made them quite forget.
Sang Eden birds, beside the babbling brooks,
And groves their fragrance on the zephyr's wing
Sent outward, upward, to the sky of love;
And how are built, all other sciences,
On this.—That he who soars amid the stars
Must from his microscopic flights descend,
And own, 'twas this that raised him.—That sovereigns
Owe to it their sceptres;—and trades and ranks
Look to the field, as children to a parent.
Yea, gather round the hearths of home, and talk
Of agriculture—redeemed, how vastly,
Since your ancestors' days; of prospects, plans,

And labor saved by art. Toil came by sin,
And man by wisdom must himself from ill
Of toil redeem, and make it light, as when
Apprentice he to God. The sons will heed,
And profit by the converse free, removed
From iceberg dignity and silent state
With which, amid their sons, some fathers move.
Set you apart some fruitful tree or plat,
And call it theirs; of home, thus give them hold,
The cords of love will scarce so much relax
But that recoil to that one work, that place,
Be sure, and sober citizens abound.
Nor hinder early nuptial ties, well placed,
Ere vice be wed, which seldom seeks divorce.

O, scorn to grieve the lads by preference:—
"Favorite"—an awful word, to sons applied;
Hell hath its favorites, but homes should never,
It speaks of gnat-like hearts and puny souls
Which cannot take the family circle in,
Embraces one, and fawns on him and frets.—
"The youngest." Oh, what chance affection there!
And wherefore? Was each not once the youngest?
And what's the youngest than the eldest more,
But that the eldest gave his toil and health
To spare the youngest his? Heirs, are they not
Of life, alike—its joys and ills—and then
Its death and bourn? Joint stock, a parent's love,
Where children all have equal claims. In heaven
There is no youngest. Since first child of grace
Threw back the long-closed ports, the Father loved
All that should pass therein unto the end.
The family above, in the eternal Heart,
All dates the same; and so must yours, ere all
Be well.

Ye blindly act, as blindly love,
And with your lands and chattels *one* endow:
From others' lives a score of years exact,

The best, then send them rifled, robbed, to glean
From the cold world a store. They may succeed;
The chances more, they fail, and lose in drink
Their souls. What father tempts, by wrong, his son,
Until the wounded life seeks only wrong;
For globes of wealth, I would not answer for him!

Some sons are wayward from their birth, say ye,
E'er seeking vice when virtue e'er is taught them.
I grant you this, in sad but rare exceptions;
But when did wrong e'er work for them reclaim?
Wayward fathers make their sons more wayward.
Look to your hearths; 'tis kindness conquers there;
Ye know the right—then do—and hope for gain
In filial love and temperate, happy sons;
Ye scarce shall hope in vain—your eyes shall see.

Teachers, refiners of the mental ore,
'Tis yours to deepen right impressions, smooth,
And send it current to the social world.
In triumph over vice, the "Vision" saith,
Your part was most important; your sanctums
Dotting almost every town and hamlet
This denoteth: The youthful see afar
The beacon-lights and come, darkly groping,
Ever and anon in the uncertain way
They stumble. They go, erect and manly,
Prepared to walk in duty's devious paths
With seal of wisdom on their noble brows.

A section where no schoolhouse stands is drear,
Like waste without oasis, or leaden sky
Of sun bereft. It lies as 'twas blighted,
Its dwellers, mourners for—they know not what;
They grovel, creep, nor seem to heed the skies.
Do those in light, but living dark, unlettered,
Who never "search the Scriptures where is life"—
For lack of skill—find to that life the way?

It must be so.—I would prefer the chart
To read before the voyage than at its end,
And see and know my Maker's name in print!

Your work is arduous, taxing life. Who would
Know a teacher's toil must be a teacher;
And, who well succeeds in this profession,
To any station I would commend him;
Such deference as paid to dignity,
If paid to him or her, were not misplaced.
Too brief your hours for magnitude of toil,
No moment unemployed; you shuddering mark
Day's shadows wane ere wanes your lesson-list,
And grieve that time and toil proportion lack:—
The close;—the sweet "Good night"—and "school's dismissed."
Even then, if in the youthful ear no word
For Temperance was breathed, or warm impressed
Upon the heart, in all the course the work
Was incomplete. Temperance in your "Syllabus"
Insert, and teach right well this branch of lore;
For truth reluctantly avers—with deference
To framers of the present "Act for Schools"—
They left it out! A priceless boon was theirs,
When, free as air, they made the streams of lore
Unto their country. As his neighbor, rich,
The pauper's child, in this peculiar wealth;
They, side by side, may climb the steeps of fame
With equal chances of renown. But, ah,
This lack is felt—a law imperative—
To introduce in schools the Temperance cause
Apart from "morals" of a general name.—
A graduate of this great science void
Is still unlearned.
The mode of this reform
To teach and be the model should inspire
The tutor's aim. 'Twould seem a reckless thought,
A reckless deed, much more, that one should e'er

Usurp the charge of youthful minds to mould,
Who tampers with the cup. However fair
On the young brows seemed Wisdom's star to shine,
And point to fame the shining way, if he,
Preceptor o'er the band, should e'er imbibe
The filthy draught, I'd count the pupils lost.

First, in nurseries and schools the work began
That hasted triumph,—so hath the "Vision"—
And hath it true. The work must nurture there,
And rise with rising manhood into fruit.
O would ye, faithful teachers, send a flood
Of blessing through the land, toil on; toil on:
And build on this foundation all the rest.
This joy hath teachers when their work is done:
On western slope of life, near setting sun
To stand, and see their pupils marching on
In the deep world, in honorable ways,
Themselves the guides. What teacher's soul can tire
When such the rich reward of toil? Henceforth
Dismiss no pupil from your care, until,
From principle, he loves the streams "God saw
Were good," and hates and shuns the draughts of death.
'Tis yours to deal with minds ere vice has marked
Them hers. O, take courage, then, my brother;
Implant in tender hearts reform; its growth
Is sure; for heaven philanthropy applauds.
Your Teacher's call ye hope one day to hear,
And enter in His joy. What bliss, when all
The bells of glory ring, to see them come
From righteous paths to heaven—the pupils, yours!—
A virtuous host, who never soiled their lips
Or stained their souls with wine. Take you the meed!

Youths, successors to the race of men,
Of good or ill, the future advocates,
Know this: Once in a century, in youth,
Is vested power, and for the process, scope,

To mould the world anew, and as they choose,
To form it; while down from heights, eternal,
God and His angels look, to mark the choice.
Will ye not move aright in this Reform,
And shun, as death, the tempting cup of woe,
Though proffered by the fairest of the fair,
With smiles? This fund of force do ye possess,
To push from earth the monster,—see it with
Its worshippers expire. Then, standing pure,
Call to a temperate world, Where, the drunken?
With this sarcastic answer, Where, while heaven,
Down pointing to the death-abyss, cries, There!
Here, shrieks the abyss—*forever Here!*

Of comrades who would mock your high resolve,
Beware. "When they entice, consent ye not."
What drunken hosts, from ruin's verge, look back,
And own 'twas bad companions lured them there!
First step to vice is fate almost obtained;
The next makes surer, doom. Who takes that step
May count his sentence gained, lest God commute.
First Step—a motto fit for vender's doors;—
And fancy can supply the rest.
Not here
To warn of youth's great sin, espousal of
The poisonous narcotic *plant*, as bearing
Upon our theme, were duty derelict.
In dire effect on human ones, it stands
In rank, next to the first—"Prince Alcohol"—
And marches forth its motley squads to him.
Its nature to create a morbid thirst,
It drives its votaries to the tavern-bar
To quench desires that evermore return,
Till clasped, the burning bands that makes them slaves.
Vile, in itself, unnatural, the enemy
Of health and wealth, time, cleanliness, and God,
Reason, for these, demands it shunned, apart
From drunkenness and peril to the soul.—

The breath of Christendom is foul. I fear
For those whose prayers are perfumed with the quid;
For those who, smoking, go unto the graves;
Who preach, "Deny yourselves of wordly lust,"
While pulverizing in their palms the weed:
If asked, "Where is their God?" I'd hesitate
To point above. "Nothing that defileth
Hath entrance there"—this line would make me pause.
How the practice world-wide spread, with what speed.
Is for the deep philosophy of hell
A problem!

In evil hour have ye embraced
The habit vile? Desist! For love of health
And home and heaven, Desist! Nor think, nor say,
Ye cannot.—Dangerous doctrine, as absurd.
If moral courage cannot conquer one,
How can it any vice? then, crown them all,
And heaven at once may close. No: He who made,
Made power o'er self to triumph, and gave it man;
Use you this gift o'er small—the chances more—
Ye conquer greater ills.

Who never made
This filthy idol yours—the opiate plant— [tempt,
Abstain! Abstain! "Keep pure, yourselves," nor
By this, unto that other deeper crime.
List to the counsels of the sage and good;
Your parents', tutors' admonitions heed;
And prove for Temperance a power deep-felt
By human kind. Abstain unto life's end;
Then go and render God a soul kept free
From two gigantic sins, and meet His smile.

And ye of riper strength and years, young men,
What may ye not achieve in noble cause
When hearts and hands go mutual to the work?
Do ye "touch" the vile cup and "taste" its dregs,
I ask not;—to strength, beauty, bloom, compact,

'Twould seem an insult. How can God-made likeness
Stoop so low!—But, do ye aim at freedom,
And husband every hour to gather skill
Fit for human liberators?—verging not
To vender's booth, in life's points of leisure,
But to "Temple" or Free "Discussion Club,"
To "Reading" or "Division Room," where store
Is gained, of Temperance art?—this, that I ask.
Precepts are equal to your duties, strewn;
Arise, and strike for God and right! And haste!
Your country bleeds; her heart is pierced; she weeps,
Laid tribute, while her tyrant mocks and shouts.
On, to his citadel!—your arms are strong—
And wrest from his relentless grasp the sword.
Fond mothers wail, fond sisters sorely weep
For sons and brothers fallen;—is't nought to you?
The fair conjure you to the strife; and hosts
Of dying innocents throw up their blood!
Revenge is virtue in a cause whose foe
Is foe alike to God and man. Revenge!
Be this your password, as ye speed to war,
Which saves, and not destroys your fellows' lives;
Thus, rid the world of this stupendous vice,
And send "glad tidings" to eternity.

Mechanics, Men of Science, Tradesmen, all,
Your labor drains the fount of vital force
Too low. God's free pure air seems not for you;
His sunbeams dance not to your weary song:
Unheard His music in your gaseous shops.
Ye toil, and death inhale; your cheeks are blanched;
And waning strength for stimulants implores.—
Do not mistake the kind. Seek not what strings
To highest mood the nerves, but to relax,
And leave the man more weak:—nerves to unnerve.
To shops more gaseous than your own, where keeps
The devil half his drugs,—exports of death
And hell—wend not your ways.

Behold those streams;
Those fragrant hills where God and Nature meet;
Those emerald meads—your country's lucid lakes—
Where health is gained, and purity; and men
May read the alphabet of heaven—they call
You forth, when nature, tired, asks rest and strength,—
And this, the stimulant you need; 'tis God's;
And acts like magic on His creature, man,
In healthful bloom and honest happy heart.

The common weal is largely due to you;
It cannot spare your service to the cup;
Too scant are your rewards for useful toil
To spend them thus, for what no mortal needs.
Who wrings his living from the public heart
Hath need to save. His gold is worth ten times
Its face to him.
Ye men of art, redeem
Your arts from vice; each, in his sphere, that sphere
Exalt; thus, of its grief and moil, divest:
Its standing raised, your homes in joy shall rise,
Not sink in woe, as more the fund to bribe
That woe. Intemperance is your greatest foe;
Its opposite your faithful friend, if close
Embraced. O, clasp this to your manly hearts,
As numbers from your classes well have done.
The lever lies, inviting hands to hurl
Intoxication's crushing weight away,
Upturn reform, o'er customs vile, to tower,
And form an era new in social life:
When wealth, perforce, shall take the home of want,
And Savings Banks the place of venders' stalls.

What has not genius such as yours performed
To sweeten toil, and speed improvement forth,
By land and sea? What yet, in art, seek out?
For her improvements, temporal, earth to you
Looks up. Unloose your genius here, and give

It wing; the field is broad, the sky is free.
Seek out the powers of earth and air, their laws,
Philosophy,—all nature's chemistry—
If, haply, ye may make improvement here,
Or bring Temperance an art more than is found.
Here's fame which few have sought. O, be it yours
To venture here—so you but speed the cause—
And win the blessing of good hearts and true.
Your names, high up in fame, shall ages read;
For deeds live longer than their authors here,
And form a breastwork to the tide of time.

Sons, Templars, Leagues of Abstinence, all who
In bands are organized for Temperance toil,
However called,—ye merit wreaths of honor!
The time was dark, the deluge swept, and men
Were borne along to wholesale death; while on
Each wave a demon rode, and shrieked, Destruction!
Earth seemed tending to primeval chaos,
Or state more dire; for there were souls amid
The mass. Her sons stood up amazed, and looked,
If any might deliver. Ye came forth,
And sought the stream to turn,—direct it back
Unto its natural reservoir, "the pit;"
And that with much success—complete, would law
Admit you to the subtle fount. Go on!
The waves assuage; the foe succumbs. Behold,
Of toil, the priceless fruit, in rescued ones,
And interest now pervading public mind,
To make the conquest full; and give to man
A mighty book of thrilling history.

What would have been earth's plight had ye not risen
Her benefactors?—far back in progress,
Dark, and scarce had borne the name of *Christian.*
Where rages most intemperance, there goes first
The gospel lamplight out. A world where all
Imbibe, would hear no Sabbath bells, and show

No spires. Your cause the Christian's cause; your homes
Of refuge "front eternity;" your lights
Are seen from all its thrones; your deeds are felt,
And marked for recompense in crowning day.

Let this inspire you to your mission's end;
Your Master came "to seek and save the lost."
Go ye and seek them too; wait not their call;
The fallen scarcely will arise and come
To Temperance ports without the friendly guide;
'Tis not in vice to seek, unwooed, the paths
Of virtue. Help the drunken from the mire,
Show them compassion, tenderly entreat,
And urge the goodness, greatness, of your cause.
Its love to man—its deep foundation, love—
Regret that they should miss such dignity,
Such store of happiness as it confers;
Invite them to its wealth of blessings, plead,
Persevere, with this reward, to see them
"Clothed, and right in mind," sit in your Orders.—
The friends of abstinence will come unsought.

Lie there not in slums of degradation,
Minds that once were brilliant, encrusted now,
Like long-lost jewel,—confidence deep down,
And hope, their manhood gone—who yet might rise
With your devoir, and flash their genius forth?
What loss to earth, those talent-freighted wrecks!
To raise again, like sunken barks, what gain!
Seek ye them out; inspire the living soul
Out of the depths to start and stand. Press this:
God ne'er made a human soul to wallow.
He made His creature good,—"a living man—
The man of death was made by man himself."
Yea, lead them by the hand till principle
Grows strong; and give the cause a host of Goughs.

No class or country shun; where'er the foe
Has made a breach, place in the gap a man:
"Against his door," or more remote, let each
Arise and "build." Ye have the men to wield
The potent pen; let them do service too,
And keep before the public eye the theme:
Make *Temperance* an article of mental food.
Your men of eloquence send out in scores
The cause to plead. Who cannot urge this theme
Is less than orator. Strongholds of law
With prayers bombard, for Prohibition,—
Your efforts tending, all, to this one gain.

Take by the hand the publican apart;
Show ills of his ill-fated trade. Pictures,
Seen from his door, may well illustrate
The drunkard's home, his care-worn wife and babes:—
Then ope the Book and read the thrilling lines:
"*Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink,*
That putteth the bottle unto his lips,
And maketh him drunken. He shall seek death
And not find; desire it, and it shall flee;
He shall drink the unmixed wine of God's wrath
Poured in the cup of His indignation;—
The cup he gave others, double to him;—
He shall be tormented with fire and brimstone,
The smoke of his torment shall rise forever!"
Dwell long upon the peril of the soul—
His soul—and that awful word—*forever!*
Ask him to cease; reason, entreat, implore;
Shew love to him, deep hatred to his trade.

As earnest, upright men, yourselves acquit,
Who espouse the rightful cause and know it:
Nor seek to mystify your session acts,
Clothe them all in spotless robes of candor.
'Twere well, if oft your doors were open thrown
To let the public in; that such as know

No glory for the cause, may learn to love
And evermore embrace.—Win, soon, the young;
And guard with jealous care the treasure won.

With strength that God and Nature gives, advance;
For both are on your side, and ye shall win.
'Gainst Him, who can fight? with Him, who but can?
Hold every step obtained, disdain retreat,
Nor claim your arms too short, too short your swords;
Like Sparta's sons, extend them with "a step."
Contend, as did those I saw in "Vision,"
Till all wore Temperance emblems, and graced them:
"*God and the Right!*" shall scatter every foe;
While harps are waiting to applaud the means,
And heaven holds out and waves the victors' prize.

Printers, the state of mental public health
Is vastly traced to you; it rises, falls
With its great source, the Press. Ye cull the flowers
Of literature, and speed them forth as food,
Which stimulates to good or ill, reform,
Or motion retrograde, as kind may be—
A nectar or narcotic to the mind.
This age hath mania for the products of
The press. Its sheets are welcome visitors;
All hands are reached for first reception;
Sparkles the eye of age and youth alike,
To see the strange new messenger return.
The man whose Bible lies unread, pores o'er
His paper. What, like this, finds every heart?
What, than this, more fit for Temperance medium?

Some do go freighted with the theme; 'tis well:
Editors, all of the press, fall in, fall in,
And all insert in your "prospectus" this:
"Devoted to Temperance," et cetera.
Who caters for the public taste and throws
No rich spice of temperance into the feast,
Gives but insipid treat;—his care, remiss.

A power untold is vested in your hands;
Your daily, weekly issues well nigh go
To every hearth; there may they preach the cause,
Its principles diffuse, and hope inspire
In its success at last. Meantime, when foe
Invades, to sound in tones distinct, alarm,
And rouse to action all the friends of right;—
Sound Prohibition as our moral want,
And keep the word in print, that none forget,
Until its advent dawn upon the world.

Auspicious day! when every literary sheet
Shall advocate the cause, and place it high,
As some, even now, assay to do. Go, then,
Like herald scrolls of peace from heaven. Fly o'er
The rum-swept earth and plead the Temperance Cause
In every home where now ye find access,
Until, in bolder type, ye may announce
The triumph!

Poets, ye of the soul and nature warm,
Who feel the sad weight of varied ills
Than others, more; greater sufferers than they—
This gives you greater fund of sympathy
To flow in sad sweet harmonies for all:
Ye suffer much that others much may joy.
Your mission this, to touch the heart and heal:
Your own, meanwhile, unhealed.

What more than these
Demand your sympathy—the inebriate— [saves?
Those with him brought low—and the cause which
Let all your feeling flow, your inner speech,
To give the Temperance theme a power and voice
Unfelt, unheard. Who most has known of grief
Can best devise its cure—can best apply.
Compassionate the woes of men, and pour
The balm, in song. It is strange sympathy

That flows from poet's harp to wounded heart;
This sympathy relieves, in tears of joy.

Extol unto the spheres the theme, and give
It wings of melody to soar beneath.
There's height in Temperance ne'er reached by mortal,
And gems to be brought down. Let fancy search
All Nature's realm, there Temperance reigns serene;
Soar from the stars to higher climes of light,
'Tis Temperance still—more beautiful in heaven;
And only from the cupola of God's throne
In its full splendor seen. What fount! What field!
Ye of the music soul, leap to the theme,
And laud this Angel from the crystal streams,
This Sprite that gambols on celestial banks—
Sister of Health, and Mercy's fairest friend!

The age that names genius names not its worth:
'Tis for the age which it outstrips to set
Its value. Men live more in death than life:
This thought inspires. Ye feel as strangers here
In the wrong world; your speech and sentiment
By few understood. Ye fear to venture.
But launch your genius forth! Ye shall be heard
And heralded, and have your proper price, [come:
When time that weighs men by their works shall
Be Temperance, then, one of your glowing themes.

Where is the book—an epic poem—
In all extant, whose sole theme is Temperance?
I know not one. If there be Miltons, Youngs,
Come forth, and fire the nation's soul! Redeem
Your Muses thus. Oh, for perpetual pens!

Magistrates, ye civic guides and guardians,
Your duties appertain to social life,
Its peace, prosperity; to cherish law,
Protect—to its design—from all evasion;

And when step in Temperance Reform is gained—
That vital principle of civil weal—
To shield, and help to its triumphant goal.
Our "License Law," more stringent than the past,
Struggling into life, asks your protection.
Will ye not nurture well this thing of hope,
Make it your special care, and save from blight,
Till stronger grown, it blooms to Prohibition?
Its working well will haste the consummation;
While those who strive the traffic to suppress,
For influence vested in your office, look.
Virtue hath right to count well on patrons;
Rulers, first, and then the ruled will follow.

That law, which aims restriction to the streams
Of alcoholic death, should be infringed,
Is grief,—shews man rebelling against life;
This calls for duty's wand. Your vigilance, here,
To stop this madness; and mete justice to
Offenders. Aid, promptly, the "License Clerks".
When charge of law infringed is frankly made,
Let it be met with equal frankness;
Nor shun, yourselves, to mark and to arraign
The lawless vender of the potion, vile:
For Right, 'tis honourable to be a spy.
Magistrates, and Men of the Excise,—"Watch!"
Combine your effort in this worthy cause,
And place your veto on the contraband;
That lawful wares may have more ready sales,
Trade be diverted to more virtuous streams,
And enterprise inspire the public life.

In Session Courts, each year, seek to advance
The law a step more stringent; narrow down
The traffic, until no wealth is in it;
Men will seek righteous crafts by which to live.

Another thought occurs,—permit suggestion:—

Liquors seized by virtue of your office,
I'd introduce to sewer or sea; not sell,
And cast into the revenue the price:
This savors of the trade; it is to do
As doth the publican, for gain.
O, Sirs,
Vice hath need of terror! Clothe you with it.
And see the legions fly; while Virtue shouts
The praise of those who did so well their part.
"Ministers and *magistrates* are awful names."

Christians, all sects and creeds, howe'er so much
In points of faith ye differ, here ye may doff
Your fundamental robes, and meet as brethren,
Join issue here against your common foe.
To place Temperance among religious rites,
Were little wrong; it is of grace a sign;
Men truly devout will be men temperate.
But some mistake; religion claim, apart
From temperance—perfect, altho' wanting parts.
'Tis cause for grief, amaze, to what extent
This vice obtains among professed Godly!
The man who in the congregation prays,
In closet, quaffs his glass; or bolder grown,
While urging some physical pretext, walks
To the vender's bar, dashes down his coin,
And drinks its price:—sin's loudest boast! Nor this,
To lower ranks confined, but circles high.
Homes of refinement, wealth, not guiltless here.
To know in yonder edifice, superb,
In its most sacred room, the serpent lurks,
What shocking thought!—ensconced, perchance, behind
The heavenly Book, whence Eye of God looks out.
Ah, these be things the housetops shall reveal!
And Christian's cheeks shall burn with shame before
Mohammed's dupes; this virtue they possess—
Strict temperance,—nor fail to boast it o'er
The Christian's creed.

O, from this subtle sin,
Shake well your skirts; then, sleep of lethargy
Brush from your eyelids. Behold your parish—
The wide, wide world!—and start to Duty's call.
Enlisted in your glorious Master's cause,
That cause ye must defend, whene'er He bids,
At whate'er point; altho' it were to stand
In earth's Thermopylæ. With intemperance
Inundation, grace cannot mix and flow;
His cause, unless this flood's repelled, is lost.
Millennial sun shall ne'er rise upon a sot:
Interests of piety cannot spare you from
The Temperance field. Hosts of the Lord, Arouse!
Up, to the rescue! Gather the outcasts;
This needs purest hands. "Men of Israel, help."

'Tis for your country;—Christians are patriots—
Her skies weep blood; her graves yawn for the dead;
And ye are held responsible for this;
Ye see the coming scourge and fail to warn;—
Blood is the sole equivalent for blood—
This, at your hands required, if, when the foe
Appear, ye send abroad no warning voice.
God works, but through His instruments. The day
Of miracles is set; "clay," to "eyes" of clay,
By hands of clay applied—He gives the sight.
Who made you Christians, portioned out your work,
Exacts it done, while He looks down to bless.
Ye be they the King delights to honor,
Entrusts you with His cause and gives you crowns.
Wherein can ye more honor bring to Him
Than here, to stay Intemperance, that mars
His image in His creatures? Onward, then,
Till mankind its lost lineaments regain.

The vice is social; patrons all defend,
And move, combined, in its advance. Is there
Alarm? the whole fraternity upstart

And sound the sonorous note; then, all protect,
With diligence, more worthy cause, behooving.
From worldly men, learn wisdom: wiser they
In vice than ye in virtue. Confederate:
Your cause is just; strength, equal to your cause;
Who may not to the field repair, may seek
The closet; who cannot wield swords of steel
May grasp that of the Spirit,—mingle prayers
And tears with battle's victory-shout to heaven!

Move all, move now! If Temperance now descend,
In what deep night shall it arise? Enlist
All ranks, instruct in moral strategy.
This time is most momentous. If soldiers,
Step after step, push their advance, till field
Be almost won, and falter then, they fall,
Or fly—their cause is lost. And so is yours,
If, when bravely urged thus far, ye waver.
To lead Reform, the world looks to Christians;
Bear ye your lights through Superstition's maze,
Until the race comes out in brighter day,
A place of sparkling streams and fountains clear,
Where bathes pure Temperance Nymph, her spotless wings,
And sees her beauty mirrored everywhere.

Pour into your ranks the noble spirit
Of the worthies gone, who fought for Temperance
And God;—heroes, who look from heaven and smile
To see the theme progress. Inspire with trust
In the strong Arm of Battles—when it strikes
It is to conquer;—in the Will, Divine,
Which sets a purpose only to fulfil.
Then, forward! O ye men of Christendom,
And hear this plaudit at the heavenly arch,
"Good and faithful servants, well done!"

Ministers of God, by Him commissioned

"To point mankind to better worlds and lead
The way," your work is sacred—'tis with the soul—
And arduous. Who carries grace to all hearts
And nurtures, must needs labor true and long.
Your toil is that of love and zealous care;
Ye minister to men the food of angels,
Stand by their couch in death, and go with them
Down to the stream. Love is the due of love:
Ye have your people's love as they have yours,
And here your hold on public heart: your strength
To move, in any virtuous cause, the mass.

God's ministers combined, and striving, all,
Would be a power against the liquor trade,
Its friends, nor dare, nor could resist. This vice
The clergy of the world could awe and check,
Demand a Law Prohibitive, nor see it
Long delayed. If, in aught remiss, 'tis here;
And here, not all; there are who nobly aid,
Who "stand between the living and the dead,
With hands to heaven, and bid the plague be stayed."

Reverend men, will ye not *all* give this cause
More import, care? That Kingdom ye would build
Depends on this for swift accomplishment.
Let sermons savor much of it. Devote
An evening, monthly, to this blessed theme,
That all may hear. Let youth be catechised
In Temperance, and best means for its advance—
That they grow strong. Proffer the Orders aid,
Nor wait for deputation; 'tis yours to lead
To Temperance refuge, as to the Heavenly.
Wield copious pens for Prohibition—
The tact and talent God hath given—to urge
This suit on "powers that be."
Whence the edict,
That stops, in cause political, your voice,
And bars you from the field? This sphere is yours

By two-fold right. A Government corrupt,
Is blight to all reform in morals, grace.
That Executive on righteousness and truth
Be built, what more discreet? The fount
Of law made pure, the streams will purely flow;
And ye whose intellects are sanctified,
The fittest to advise in government.
Reformers of the olden time in piety,
Were such in politics; they breathed new life
In both. The priest of God may plead at polls
For Temperance, as Paul at Felix' court,
Or Luther for Reform; nor desecrate
His robes or creed, but make them seem more pure.—
A Government, based on same principle
As thrones of heaven, would proclaim to earth's ends,
Prohibition!
In what way ye best can serve
The cause, proceed; nor fear, nor court, man's frown
Or favor. Win whom ye may to purity,
Be it by loss of a few friends, or gain
Of more. Inflame to action public mind,
Though by private pleading, or bold debate.
Be independent; ye stand high in rank—
The servants of the Most High God!—leaders
Of His cause—nor shall you e'er fall, or it.

Let Temperance Bands go forth, and ye their guides,
A host consolidate, to plead and pray,
And press the cause; then, in "Decision's Vale,
Behold Multitudes! Multitudes!" arise
With banners bright, to join your brilliant ranks!
Look to the hills, a mighty army there,
Panting for the strife! And waiting eager, are
"The chariots of God, twenty thousand strong,
Even thousands of angels," to lead you on!

Electors, Men of the Franchise, ye hand
To power and place our statesmen. Much devolves

On you. That legislation be corrupt
Or pure, the choice is yours.
Great issues pend
To commonwealth; great honors, personal,
Or guileless of the two, great salaries.
Then candidates, alert, with ready palm
And supple bow, implore your suffrages;
All men are equal, then, in dignity,
And vows are pledged to be made so in wealth.

Ask you those men, if Prohibition be
Their pledge to power?—This surest, safest way
To equalize the race in health and wealth,
In rank and happiness. If so, honor them
With your support; yea, heap the ballots high,
Each card a passport to prosperity;
Bear in your arms such men to parliament,
And proudly boast of what you bear. If not,
Withhold your aid; leave them to counting-house,
Workshop, or villa farm; your card for such
But seals your country's degradation, death:—
Get down and pray for better men to rule!

Statesmen propound daring schemes and push them.
Railways of fancy are made those of fact,
Isolated Provinces, wed in Dominion,
And the helm of state veered just when they list:
Perchance, 'tis well. This now, the country's want,
A Law to stop intoxicating floods,
That other schemes may have desired effect.
Demand it, Electors! Demand it *now!*
Make this the step to legislative seats;
And those who have no mind to mount can well
Be spared. Where are the men of lofty souls,
Who move at beck of moral principle,
Lovers of reform, and would raise mankind
To their own level? Seek, bid them come forth;—
Unknown to fame, most worthy to be famous—

Place in their hands the parliamentary wand,
And ample dollars to defray the dues.

Oh, for the day when polling booths be pure—
Free from stealthy cask, and wild jargon
It incites!—madness, and perverted minds!
The vice hath power to sway in its behalf
The men, in sober mood, would bid it down.
Reform will ne'er result from ballots stained
With rum; nor staggering souls give safety to
The Ship of State.
Electors, break this thrall
Rise in your might, in God's, and rend its hold
On human heart. Sweep from our coasts away
The cursed fumes, and let God's balmy air
And sunlight in. This is how ye do it:
Place in power the friends of Prohibition,
And only those. Be this the test of rule;
Nor let another chance go unimproved.

Legislators, from your exalted spheres
Look down. See the pernicious traffic rage!
Grief-clouds attend—a panic-rush to death
Obtains—your country moans and weeps in gloom!
Ye see her pressing need, and owe your rank
Unto her sons. Ye strive to nurture art,
Shake gems of opulence in every lap,
And lubricate the wheels of social life
To run Progression's grade:—but here the blight
And rust to art, the death to all reform—
This withering craft. And must it ever rage?
Must special honor be vouchsafed to it,
Honest men and honest trades, all bow,
Christians and priests of God, to this Supreme,
Which Law dare not touch? Oh, God, it seems so!
And yet, 'tis not so. It must have ending.
Will ye not strike it down, and free the world?—
Not strike it down and win a deathless name?—

Nor wait till all men ask it. The world that sees
One only mind, will see all sin subdued.
Ye pass great schemes, nor ask the public voice,—
Pass this; soon all will ratify the act,
As most Christian men in all ranks now do;
While they, the fair, both happy and forlorn,
Beseech; and no sweet child in all the realm
But would exult to see the foe they fear
Removed, whose daintiest work it is to make
Them tombs. What would ye more? Why longer wait?
This justifies. With prayer of publicans
It weighs, and tosses high in air their cause.
Disdain the influence that fall long has swayed,—
Else, when ye see in the down-streaming wave,
Hands raised in death, and frame no law to save,
How shall ye stand exempt from guilt? Shall waves
And winds not shriek, Responsible? Shall not
The drunkard's lonely cot and grave wail out,
Responsible? From every vender's bar
And cask, shall not this hollow moan come forth,
Responsible? And should no heed be given,
Should it sound on, 'mid roar of boiling seas
And bursting stars, when glare of worlds aflame,
Eternity's broad sky reflects—auroras,
Flashing in ire, like myriad darts, to pierce
The conscience-haunted soul,—What then? Ah me!
What then?

Vice itself is wronged by rulers;
And justly doth complain. Law for virtuous
Ne'er was made; but for "*disobedient,*
Unholy and profane, murderers of fathers,
Murderers of mothers, manslayers, liars,
And perjured men." These be its legal heirs,
Its claimants for the benefit; and who
Will wrong them more and more, or tolerate
Inequality of dues? Of "murderers,"
One hurls death from ambush; one deals it out

In potions from the bar; and one goes bound,
To die, and one goes free, to live!—O, Right!
Where reignest thou? in what blest world thy throne?
"Between you and them the Lord shall be judge."

Is it not enough, the fell Spoiler's sway?
What other Tyrant ruled on earth so long?
Exacting well nigh half our dead, our wealth,
Our tears, as prey, he piles them on his shrine
And gloats—and still exacts!
Legislators, rise!
Strike for full freedom and immortal fame.
Hear the land call for Prohibition! Heed!
Thus wipe the scalding tears from nations' eyes,
Send rills of purest joy to myriad hearts,
Give earth an impulse to prosperity,
And rise it upward in the scale of spheres.
The functions of the social system pure,
It shall pulse on in high moral grandeur,
In light and love Divine, till nations, all,
"Behold their God." Haste! Good patriots of old,
Cast earthward glances, to see the contest end!
Temperance Pioneers, bend down to view all men
Drink from the Springs of God! Angels, waiting
To clap their wings!—Earth, waiting to rejoice,
And all its trees! Tremendous witnesses!
Tremendous waiting! O, restrain no more
The general joy; let it have voice to shout!

O, Scotia! "My own, my dear native land!"
If thy statesmen might be the first to grant
A law to banish from thy coasts the bane,
If thy soil might first be free and pure,
Thy sons the first to shout, and thy bright streams
The first to waft the news!—how would it thrill
With ecstasies my heart!—Thenceforth, extend,
Till this earth—perchance, first *fallen*, first *arise!*
Then, highest name—*A Nova Scotian!*

More than prince or king! Legislators,
Here is laudable ambition!
And Thou,
To whom shields of earth belong, Most Mighty!
Go with thine hosts in this momentous cause;
Inspire with faith, until fruition crown.
Sole Sovereign, Thou! all foes shall be destroyed,
And Death, with pinions scorched, fall and expire.

THE END.

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